Spring and Summer Travel Calendar Issue

American West

The land and its people

March/April 1984 $3

Zen and the art of fly fishing
Rafting Western rivers, yesterday and today
Photo Contest winners portfolio

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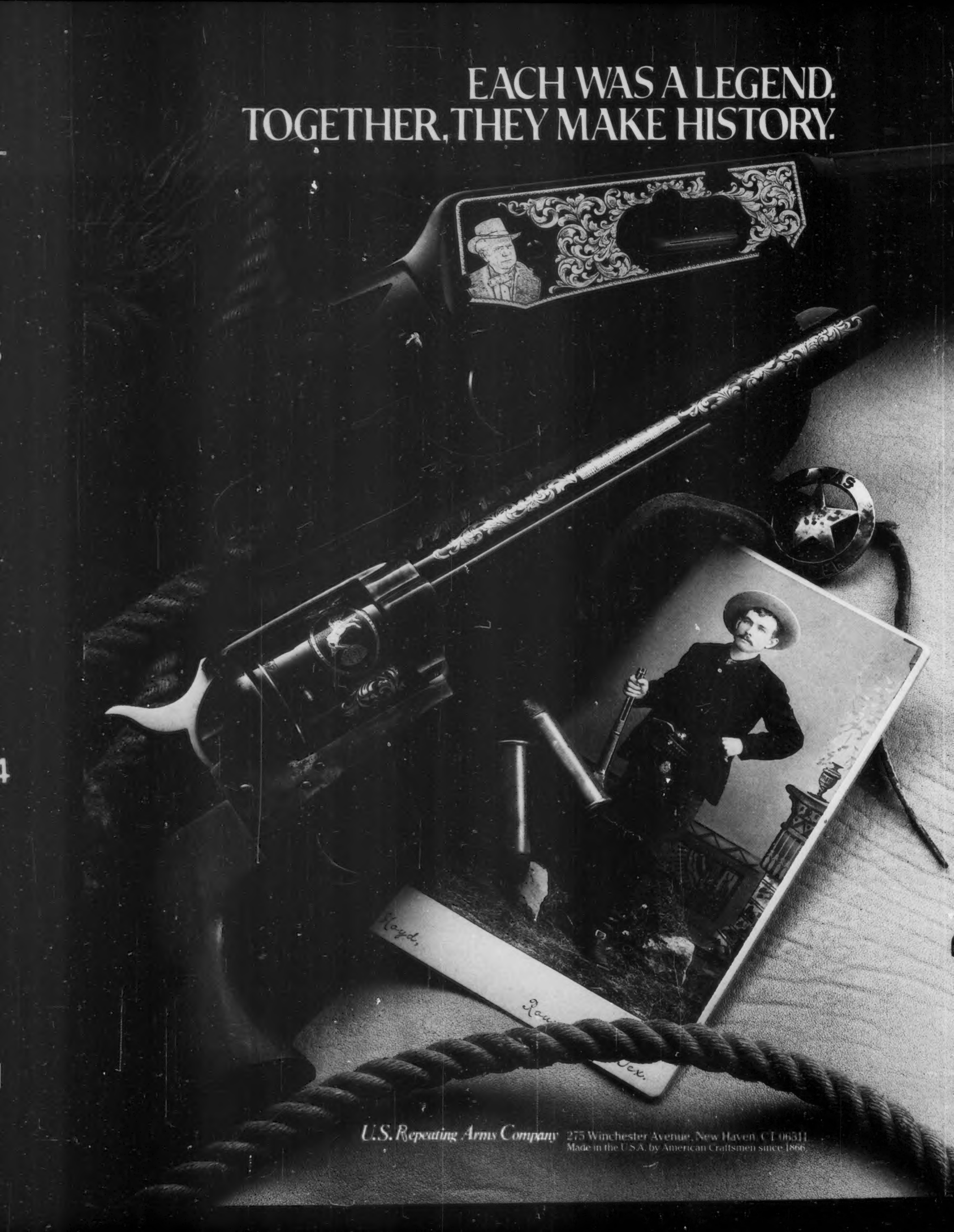
EACH WAS A LEGEND. TOGETHER, THEY MAKE HISTORY.



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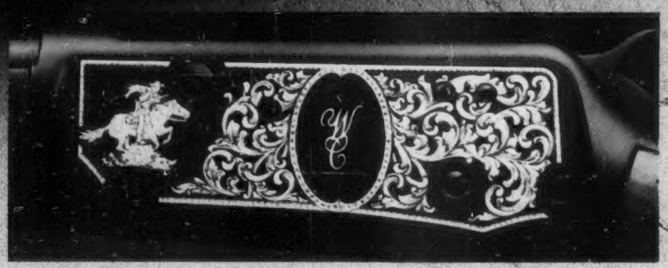


In the taming of America's Western frontier, two guns blazed their names into history...the Winchester lever action and the Colt Peacemaker. Celebrated in song and legend, these were the everyday tools of the cowboy and the settler, the lawman and the lawless. Now, for the first time ever, the makers of these historic firearms will cooperate in a landmark achievement...the Winchester Colt Commemorative Set. Far more than a commemorative, this unprecedented joint venture is an event in itself...the first and only factory-produced and authorized pairing of those two immortal classics, the Colt Peacemaker and the Winchester Model 94.

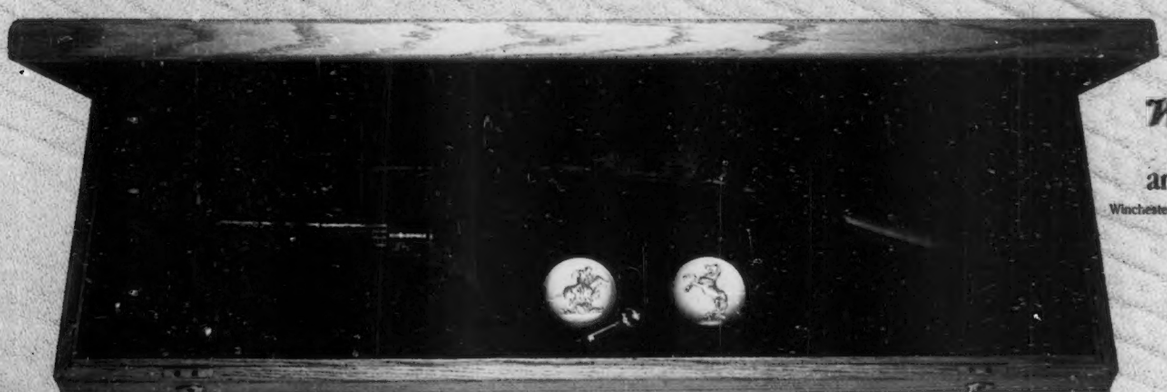
Both guns are chambered for the classic 44-40 Winchester, a cartridge that proved its mettle in both pistols and long arms of the Western frontier. Guns are finished in deep lustrous blue, 22 karat gold-etched in superb detail.

The receiver of the Winchester Model 94 will feature a gold-etched horse-and-rider trademark, distinctive WC monogram, and detailed portrait of the founder, Oliver F. Winchester. The barrel will display the Winchester name in old-style "lightning" lettering and a detailed rendering of the original Winchester factory. The tang will bear the signature of Oliver F. Winchester in gold. Both buttstock and extended forearm will be crafted of select grade walnut with spade checkering and historically appropriate semi-gloss finish.

The Colt Peacemaker will feature the classic frame with base pin screw. The backstrap will bear the signature of Colonel Samuel Colt in gold. The cylinder will be painstakingly gold-etched with the WC monogram and the Rampant Colt trademark. On the barrel will be the "Serpentine Colt" logotype and the original Colt factory in gold etch. The grips will be crafted from fine American walnut in an oiled finish, with the blind screw style on the left side.

Befitting the importance of this one-of-a-kind commemorative set is the solid oak, museum-quality display cabinet created specially for this historic occasion. Lined in crimson baize, with French-style insets, this case also displays two gold-plated medallions, struck to commemorate the historic trademarks of Colt and Winchester, and serialized to match the guns.

A total of only 4,440 Winchester Colt Commemorative Sets will be produced. Revolver, carbine and medallions will bear the same serial number within a set, ranging from 1 WC through 4440 WC. At the suggested retail price of $3,995, the Winchester Colt Commemorative Set represents for the serious collector a rare, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to possess the tangible expression of an American legend...and a milestone achievement in firearms history.



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an American legend.

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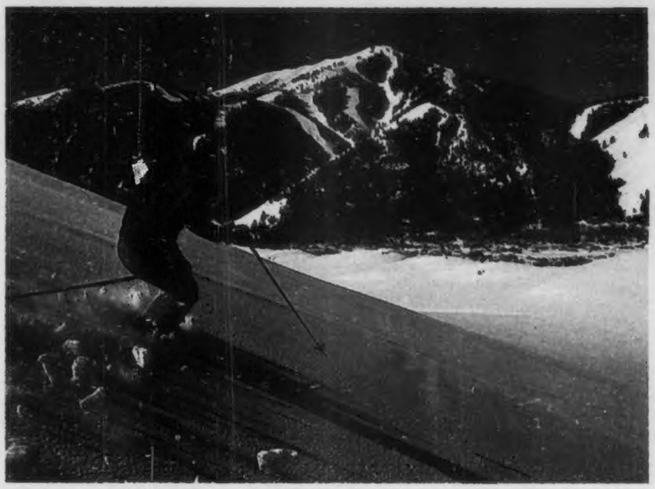
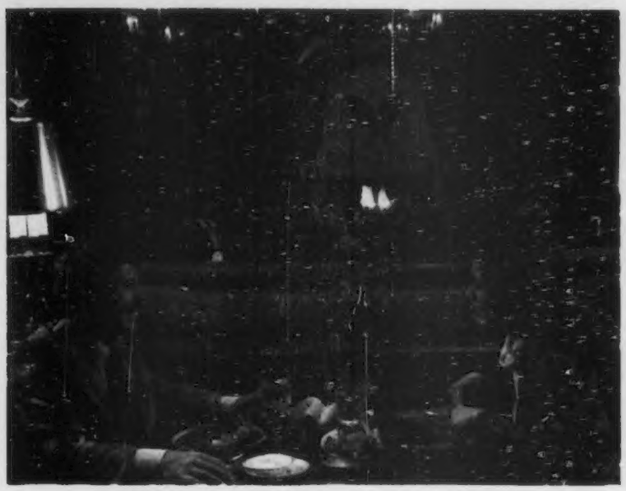
For information on where to purchase the Winchester Colt Commemorative Set, call our Product Service Department at (203) 789-5000.





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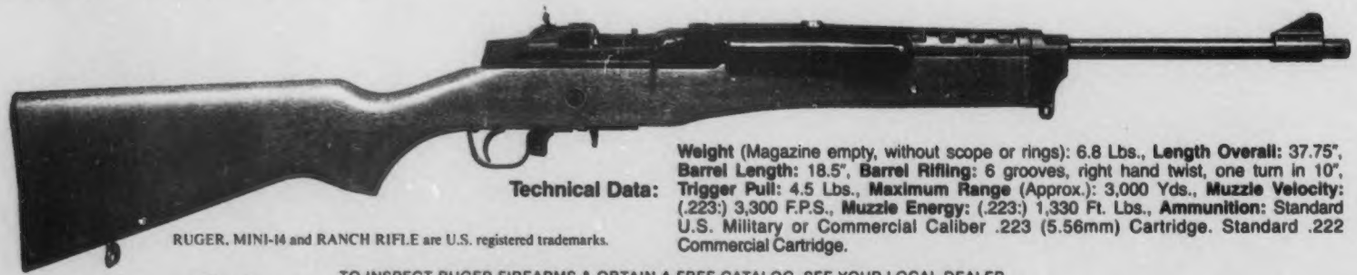

Technical Data: **Weight** (Magazine empty, without scope or rings): 6.8 Lbs., **Length Overall:** 37.75", **Barrel Length:** 18.5", **Barrel Rifling:** 6 grooves, right hand twist, one turn in 10", **Trigger Pull:** 4.5 Lbs., **Maximum Range** (Approx.): 3,000 Yds., **Muzzle Velocity:** (.223:) 3,300 F.P.S., **Muzzle Energy:** (.223:) 1,330 Ft. Lbs., **Ammunition:** Standard U.S. Military or Commercial Caliber .223 (5.56mm) Cartridge. Standard .222 Commercial Cartridge.

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by Ron Hinote

A Tribute to the American Spirit in Fine Pewter

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Ron Hinote has captured this spirit in a sculpture so realistic that The Hunter seems vibrantly alive. But not only a masterful artist, Hinote is internationally known as an expert on the clothing, arms and accessories of our pioneers. Each detail of The Hunter has been thoroughly researched and authenticated by this artist/historian.

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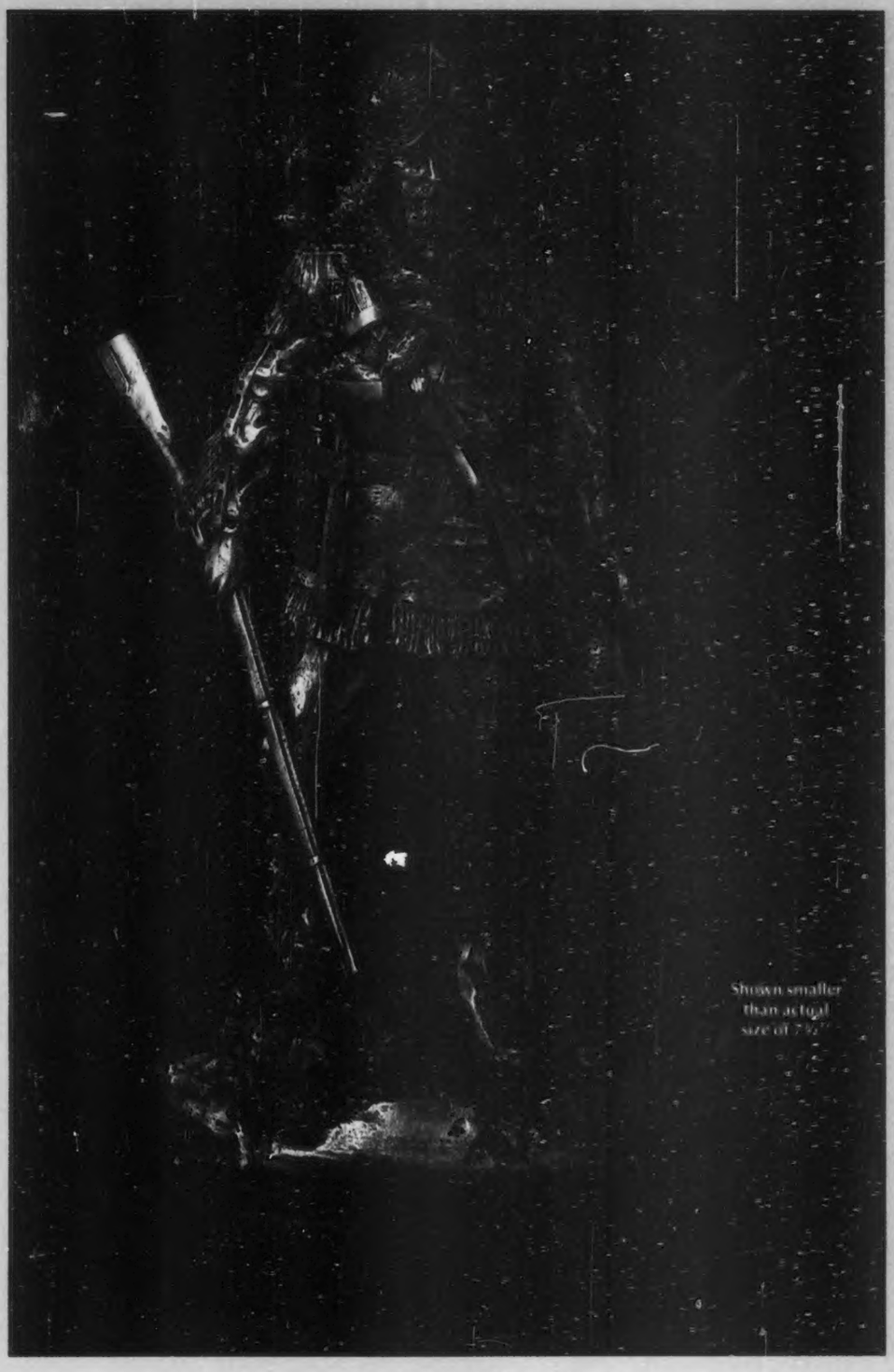

Shown smaller than actual size of 7½"

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Please enter my order for **"The Hunter"** by Ron Hinote. I prefer to pay as follows:

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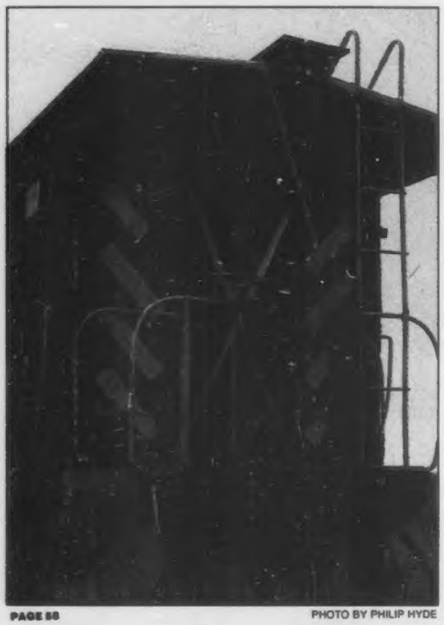
March/April 1984 Vol. XXI, No. 2

American West



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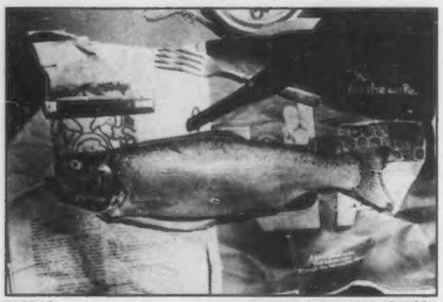

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PHOTO BY R. VALENTINE ATKINSON

Cover

The beauty and peace of a Western stream offer more to our fly fisherman than the chance to catch a prized trout. Like other men and women who cast their lines in waterways across the world, our Western fisherman enjoys the spiritual inspiration that his surroundings and time-honored pursuit provide. Author Paul Schullery insists that Western waters offer the best fly fishing ever. He knows a place in northwestern Wyoming so serene and majestic that it makes him feel as though he is fishing in church. Let him take you to his favorite spots, examine the realities and illusions of Western fly fishing, and transport you to a realm of spiritual rejuvenation.

Announcing . . . authorized Gold on Silver Proofs of

The Official Duck Stamps of America

Gold on sterling silver Duck Stamps shown actual size, approximately 25% the size of the paper stamps

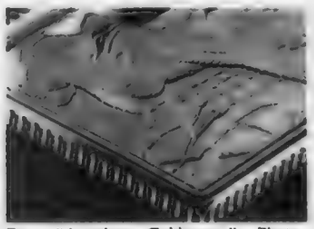
The 1950 "Trumpeter Swans" by Walter Weber is a majestic design by an artist whose work for the National Geographic Society has delighted millions.

The 1971 "Cinnamon Teal" by Maynard Reece is popular not only for its design but also because this artist has created an unprecedented five Duck Stamps.

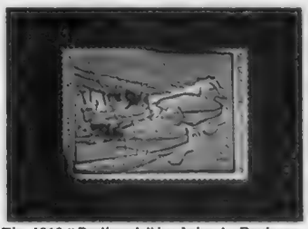
The 1979 "Green-Wing Teal" by Ken Michaelsen shows the artist at the height of his powers. It established him as one of the most gifted wildlife artists of our time.

The 1940 "Black Ducks" by Francis L. Jaques is among the rarest issues in the series. Its design is regarded as one of the most powerful on any Duck Stamp.

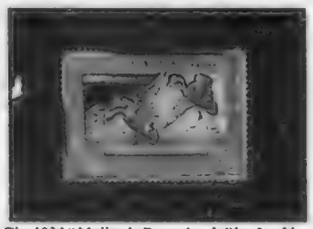
The 1949 "American Goldeneyes" by Roger Preuss, who has earned world-wide critical acclaim. He was the youngest artist ever chosen to design a Duck Stamp.



From "American Goldeneyes": Photographically enlarged to show the exceptional detail of each gold on sterling Proof in the collection.



The 1960 "Redheads" by John A. Ruthven is a favorite of sportsmen and collectors, who admire it both for its artistic merit and for its mood of tranquility.



The 1934 "Mallards Dropping In" by Jay N. Darling is the historic first Duck Stamp issue, designed by the legendary artist who originated the Duck Stamp idea.

For the first time ever—the complete collection of the 50 United States Duck Stamps, authenticially re-created in 24 karat gold on sterling silver as officially authorized by the award-winning wildlife artists who created them.

First Edition Proofs to be issued in limited edition.

Advance subscription deadline: March 31, 1984.

It was half a century ago that the United States Government issued the first official Duck Stamp in support of its new national wildlife conservation program. It bore an original work by one of America's most famous artists. And it opened a new chapter in collecting history—inaugurating a series of annual wildlife stamps that soon became the most admired and eagerly collected works of their kind in the world.

Today, these American Duck Stamps are treasured for their extraordinary beauty and historical importance, as well as their rarity. Unblemished specimens of many issues are in fact so difficult to find that one of the few complete collections in existence has been entrusted to the Smithsonian Institution, where it is on permanent display.

And now, to commemorate the issuance by our Government of the historic 50th Duck Stamp, the world-famous American artists whose works have appeared in the series have—for the first time ever—authorized the re-creation of *the complete collection* in precious metal. In the enduring beauty of 24 karat gold electroplate on solid sterling silver.

Working from the actual Duck Stamp designs, the sculptors and engravers of The Franklin Mint will painstakingly recapture each magnificent stamp in all its distinctive detail. Then, the mint's master craftsmen will strike every 24 karat gold on sterling silver stamp in flawless *Proof quality*—with the same dramatic frosted-on-mirror finish that distinguishes the world's finest medals and coins.

The result will be a breathtakingly beautiful collection. Officially authorized replicas of fine art stamps that are among the most cherished and coveted in the world.

This historic First Edition of The Official Duck Stamps of America is being made available solely by direct subscription. It will be permanently limited to the number of subscriptions entered by midnight, June 30, 1984—exactly 50 years from the day Congress authorized the first Duck Stamp. Thereafter, it will never be offered again.

As a subscriber, you will be able to build the collection at the convenient rate of one gold on silver stamp per month. The issue price of $14.50 per stamp will be *guaranteed* to you for the entire series. Each stamp will be accompanied by an informative commentary discussing both the bird depicted on that stamp and the wildlife artist who created its design. A Certificate of Authenticity and a custom-designed presentation case will also be provided.

Official authorization . . . assured rarity . . . historical importance . . . superb design . . . and the enduring beauty of gold on silver. These are the features that collectors value most highly. And all are a part of The Official Duck Stamps of America in 24 karat gold on sterling silver.

Each subscriber will receive a handsome presentation case to house the complete collection.

It is not necessary to send any payment at this time. But to subscribe, be sure to mail the accompanying application to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, PA 19091 by the advance subscription deadline of March 31, 1984.

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ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The Official Duck Stamps of America

Valid only if postmarked by March 31, 1984.
Limit: One Proof Set per subscriber. 90

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for a First Edition Proof Set of The Official Duck Stamps of America, consisting of fifty 24kt gold electroplate on sterling silver stamps, to be issued to me at the rate of one per month and at the guaranteed issue price of $14.50* each. I need send no payment now. I will be billed for each new issue in advance of its shipment. A custom-designed presentation case, and informative reference literature, will be provided without additional charge.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1. for shipping and handling.*

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View from the West

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

On a tour of Yosemite in 1962 President Kennedy (center) poses with (left to right) Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, California Representative Harold Johnson, Governor of California Edmund G. Brown, and Representative B. F. Sisk, also of California.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., who writes our View from the West in this issue, is contributing editor in residence at AMERICAN WEST *this winter. Mr. Josephy is President of the National Council of the Institute of the American West at Sun Valley, Idaho, and is the author of many books on American Indians and Western history.*

A year before his tragic death in 1963, President John F. Kennedy was persuaded by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall to make a "conservation" tour of the West. Udall was anxious to show the President some of the new parks, dams, and other accomplishments of his outdoor-oriented department and, incidentally—because the White House press would travel along—gain national visibility for some of Interior's proud stewardship of the public's natural resources in the West.

When Kennedy announced the forthcoming tour to the White House reporters, there was a bit of humor. Though, decades earlier, Teddy Roosevelt had popularized "conservation"—often equating it with development—the word had fallen into disuse by 1962, and the mystified newspeople asked the President what a "conservation" tour was. Laughing, the President replied something along the lines of, "Damned if I know. But bring along your swimming trunks and fishing poles."

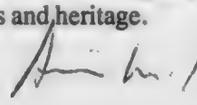
Viewing the Washington media's coverage of the Interior Department during the recent reign of Secretary James Watt, I often thought of that episode of 1962. Too often, it seemed to me, the serious ideological conflict raging over the Reagan administration's natural-resource policies was demeaned and laughed off as a joke. Tongue in cheek and often unaware of—or little concerned about—present and future impacts and consequences, particularly for the land and the people of the American West, the press treated the battle between Mr. Watt and the environmentalists as great fun. It was as if the Washington media were watching a tennis game: What gaffe would Watt commit next? What howls of rage would result from the apoplectic environmentalists? Back and forth—his court, then theirs—good drama, but little substance about what the game was all about.

The problem is worth pondering. To westerners, the West is home, familiar and real, their source of livelihood, a place to cherish, protect, and pass on to the next generation. To easterners—and the Washington media that too often parallel eastern rather than western perceptions—the West is still largely stereotypical. It is out of sight and too frequently out of mind. Like the Caribbean and Latin America, it is storied vacationland, a place where parents send their children to summer ranches, where tourists come not for relevancy but for quick tastes of scenery and of different kinds of people leading different lives. Next year, with similar goals, they will visit the Leaning Tower or the Greek isles.

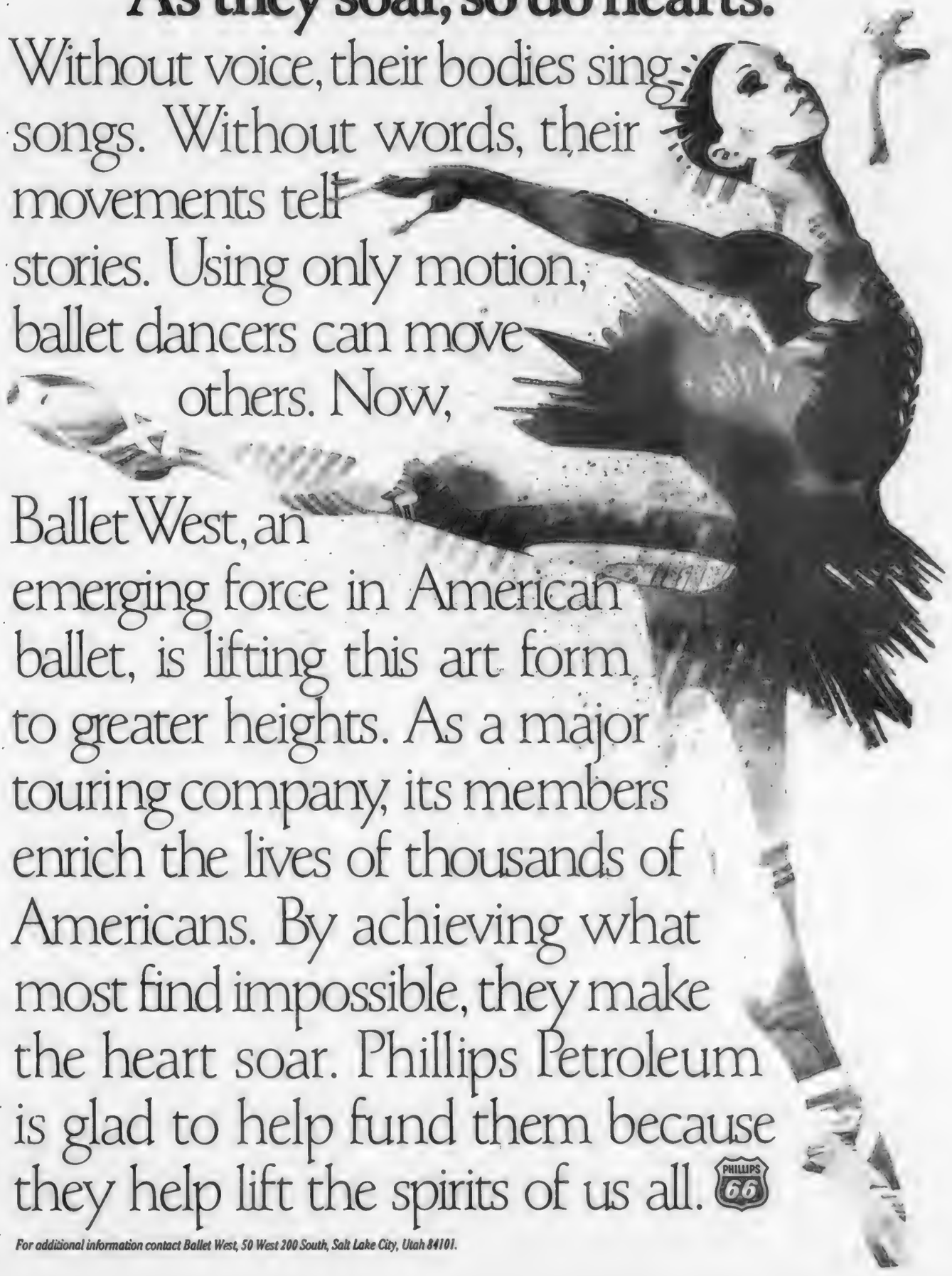
The eastern media both feeds, and feeds upon, an image of the West as being immature, sometimes even colonial-like and oddly inferior—a place that supplies the populated centers with raw materials (cattle, minerals, timber), but is interesting only when a disaster or colorful, rootin-tootin conflict occurs (fights with Indians over water or a hunt for a Mormon still living with nine wives). "We just ran something on Wyoming last week," is liable to be heard from an editor, who every day carries wire-service stories from Helsinki, Genoa, or Munich on what must often seem trivia to most of his paper's readers.

The notion that the West is largely irrelevant in the day-to-day life of the rest of the nation is patently false. Continued dismissal of this part of the country—through indifference or ignorance—as a sort of Boy Scouts' Land helps no one. Westerners are justly proud of their mountains, trout streams, awesome spaces, and quality of life. But they value, too, the vitality, innovations, and dynamism that they contribute to the country's growth and wellbeing.

They deserve fuller acknowledgement of their real West—of what their writers and artists are saying and what their lively, resourceful people are doing. Treating the conflict over Watt as a joke was a patronizing disservice not alone to the West, but to all the country. Once again, non-westerners lost an opportunity to understand the significance of the West as a meaningful part of their own lives and heritage.



As they soar, so do hearts.



Without voice, their bodies sing songs. Without words, their movements tell stories. Using only motion, ballet dancers can move others. Now,

Ballet West, an emerging force in American ballet, is lifting this art form to greater heights. As a major touring company, its members enrich the lives of thousands of Americans. By achieving what most find impossible, they make the heart soar. Phillips Petroleum is glad to help fund them because they help lift the spirits of us all. PHILLIPS 66

For additional information contact Ballet West, 50 West 200 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101.

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Letters to the Editor

Reno air races

Well, now I can "graduate" from cowboy and Indian pictures. You've published a story about antique Warbirds, and we fly one. Of course ours isn't one of the "big iron" birds, but we love her and she takes us everywhere.

Our L-3B Aeronca Champ has a 65 horsepower engine, and we fly at 70 knots per hour, but with us "chubbies" in it, "bird" won't go higher than 9,000 feet. But that's okay because my husband and I like 500 feet to 25 feet off the ground when no people are around, just cattle.

Anytime there's a blue sky—it's "Come, Josephine, in my flying machine," and up we go! Now, that I've lost my fear of heights, I don't want to come down to Mother Earth. It's so peaceful.

Thank Michael Parfit for such an interesting article. It brought back nice memories.

We are trying to help locate some missing Cadets and Instructors who were at the Mesa del Rey Base, King City, California, from 1941 to 1945. They missed the Air Force Reunion last June in King City. The next Reunion is scheduled for sometime in 1986—so, that gives us some time to find everyone who didn't show up at this one. Please contact Mickey Muzunich or Jean Lowrie, Mesa del Rey Reunion Group, 331 Canal Street, King City, California 93930.

Lily Moeller
Hayward, California

Having owned and flown an airplane for eighteen years here in the Wet Mountain Valley of Colorado, along the Sangre de Cristo, I found the story on Reno's National Championship Air Races very interesting.

I used to follow the Cleveland Air Races minutely, Roscoe Turner and all. I recollect that an inquisitive reporter once took a poll of the spectators on the question, "Why do you come to the air races?" The answer of the great majority was a real shock to me. It was, "To see somebody killed."

Maybe violence isn't getting worse. This was in the forties.

Earl Cress
Westcliffe, Colorado

Volcanic hazards

This is to comment on errors and omissions on figure captions in the November/December 1983 article "Volcanic Hazards in the West." The aerial photograph on page 38 does not depict a "giant mudslide." It shows blown-down trees, logging access and haul roads, and a clearcut area wherein the trees were removed prior to the eruption by a process called cable yarding. The images on page 32 do not show "dead vegetation in purple." Instead, they show vast areas of barren terrain, particularly in the upper image where the whitish patterns indicate a lack of infrared reflectance from vegetation. These areas are clearcut terrain, the larger swaths being those on privately owned lands and the smaller patches on the right third of the image being those on National Forest lands. The photograph on page 38 is simply a closer view of one of those smaller patches.

I never cease to be amazed that anyone can view the satellite images of our once-forested American West and not comment on the extent to which the logging industry has clearcut the terrain. By comparison, the forested area devastated by the blast of Mount St. Helens is miniscule indeed.

William M. Brown III
Menlo Park, California

The Eastern Connection

In reading the November/December issue, "Mystery of the Eastern Connection" referring to the Palos Verdes stones as possible anchors is certainly questionable. Prior to the first mention

Continued on page 60

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Hidden Inns & Lost Trails

PHOTO COURTESY THE AUTHOR

The Wortley Hotel: Lincoln, New Mexico

by Francis L. Fugate

On April 28, 1881, Billy the Kid was a prisoner in Lincoln, New Mexico, sentenced to "be hanged by the neck until his body be dead." The jail was the second story of the old Murphy-Dolan store, a two-story adobe building which served as a jail, sheriff's office, and courthouse. The guards were Deputy Sheriffs Bob Olinger and J. W. Bell. Billy the Kid was swathed in chains and anchored to the floor.

No love was lost between Billy and Bob Olinger. They had been on opposite sides during the recent bitter Lincoln County War. Olinger would let his prisoner see him loading his double-barreled shotgun, reminding him that the eighteen slugs in each barrel would do a powerful lot of damage.

On that morning, Bob Olinger was on guard. At noon he was relieved by Bell. He left his shotgun downstairs in the sheriff's office and went across the street to the Wortley Hotel for dinner.

Billy asked Bell for permission to use the outside privy. There he acquired a gun, presumably hidden by a confederate. It took two shots to do away with Bell. Olinger heard the shooting, pushed away from the table, and dashed out of the hotel—to find himself staring down the barrels of his own shotgun. Eighteen slugs did a powerful lot of damage. Then Billy fired the second load into the lifeless body and flung the gun at his tormentor.

"Take it, damn you! You won't follow me any more with that gun."

A frightened caretaker helped Billy loosen his shackles. The fugitive took time to shake hands with a few citizens who dared show themselves. As he passed Bell's body he expressed regret at having to kill him, but he had no kind words for Olinger.

During the first weekend of every August, Billy the Kid's escape is reenacted in Lincoln, and a few lucky guests who have made reservations far enough in advance can stay in the old Wortley Hotel. The eight rooms are furnished with 19th-century antiques, just as when Bob Olinger dropped in for dinner. Each room has a fireplace. Bathrooms and electricity are the only condescensions to modernization.

During Billy the Kid's time, Lincoln had a population of 400. Today, some seventy-five people live in the sleepy little adobe village nestling between wooded hillsides on the Rio Bonito, about thirty miles east of Ruidoso on U.S. Highway 380.

There are only seven streetlights on the mile-long stretch of highway. Late at night, after the last cowboys have tooled their pickups back to their ranches, you can step outside to utter silence. After your eyes become accustomed to the intense blackness, you can look up and see the Milky Way as you have never seen it before, like a giant silver scarf waving across the sky.

The Wortley Hotel was built in 1874 to provide lodging for the construction crew for the Murphy-Dolan store. It was managed by Samuel Wortley and known as "Wortley's Mess." As time passed, the hotel went through a succession of owners, including Sheriff Pat Garrett, who gained fame by killing Billy the Kid two months after his escape. In 1925 the building burned as a result of a faulty stovepipe. In 1955 the site was sold to the State of New Mexico, and in 1960 the Old Lincoln County Memorial Commission reconstructed the building with careful attention to detail. Now it is one of eight buildings and three sites in Lincoln which are designated as State Monuments.

The Wortley has always been operated in a relaxed manner. On one occasion, I arrived late. The building was black except for a small light over a note pinned to the front door: "Mr. Fugate: Your room is Number 8, around the corner. The key is in the door. See you at breakfast. Or lunch if you don't get up that early."

Lincoln is one big historical monument. Four museums and a plentitude of markers guarantee to keep even the most casual visitor occupied for at least a day.

El Torreón, an old Spanish watchtower, is one of the most interesting attractions. During Apache Indian attacks, women and children crowded into the first floor of this watchtower while men went to the second floor where they fired at attackers through holes or slits. Notwithstanding their *torreón*, the people of Lincoln were driven out three times by hostile Indians.

The Wortley Hotel provides a convenient and economical headquarters from which to visit Ruidoso. In that bustling resort community there are skiing on Sierra Blanca during the winter and horseracing at Ruidoso Downs in the summer. In Roswell, sixty miles to the east, an excellent museum displays memorabilia of Robert H. Goddard, whose pioneering rocket experiments ushered in the Space Age.

The Wortley Hotel is open year-round. Rent includes breakfast. The dining room advertises "home-cooked meals" and lives up to the designation. Because of limited accommodations reservations are a must. For information write: Jerre Pace, Box 96, Lincoln, New Mexico 83338; the phone is (505) 653-4381.

Francis L. Fugate *first stopped at the Wortley in 1970. "I have been going back ever since. Lincoln has the most unpolluted atmosphere in the country. You can't see, smell, taste, or touch the air you breathe." Mr. Fugate is a frequent contributor to* AMERICAN WEST.

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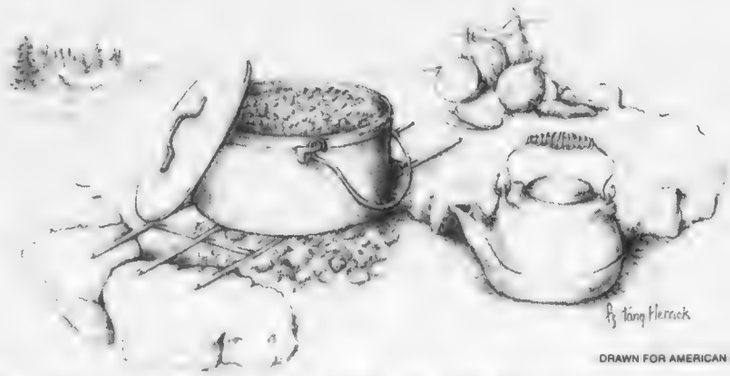


DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY LIZ TANG HERRICK

Camp Grub for Workmen

by C. O. Peterson

The various dried, concentrated, and freeze-dried foods so popular with hikers today are not the choice of men who do heavy labor in high altitude backcountry. If you ask the food preference of someone who works day long with pick, shovel, or axe, quite likely the reply will be, "Nah, I want a meal that pushes the wrinkles out," or an answer with a lot of profanity but the same meaning. Long ago I learned—firsthand.

During my years in the Forest Service I occasionally had five-man work crews camped out in southern California's backcountry repairing or building trails or developing small water sources. Providing satisfying food for the men required careful planning. At nine to ten thousand feet, a poorly fed man isn't inclined to turn out a good day's work with pick, shovel, axe, or saw.

Part of my job was supervising spring maintenance projects before fire-season, and when planning the grub-list I found it best to hold a bull session with the crewmen and crew boss. The camp grub-list became fairly well standardized for a five-day work week and was planned for quality and quantity without a lot of time-consuming cookery. (Cooking was done over a small trench filled with coals raked from the campfire.) As for quantity, believe me, five or six men can destroy a lot of grub at the end of a long hard day.

I'll not list all of the foodstuffs that usually were included. Of course there was plenty of coffee, three or four pounds of sliced bacon, six dozen carefully packed eggs, half a dozen loaves of bread, three one-pound packets of butter, and a dozen or more large baking potatoes to be rolled in aluminum foil and baked in coals covered with dirt. (Boiling potatoes at ten thousand feet or more is a slow process.)

To reduce cooking time we also had a couple of pounds of minute rice and a large box of pancake mix. No, we didn't cook pancakes: they were too slow and unsatisfactory when cooked for a crew over the morning fire. When we ran out of fresh bread, we mixed a fairly stiff batter of pancake mix and baked it as pan bread in a large, covered fry pan. Crewmen could backpack goodies with their personal gear. And I included a carton of military emergency rations for lunches—"not good, but adequate," as the men used to say. At lunchtime, out on the job away from camp, the crew punctured the tops of the small ration cans (so they wouldn't explode and blow to hellangone) and heated them by the fire to make the contents more palatable.

Before quitting time, the crew boss would send one of the men to camp to get things started for the evening meal. These meals were hearty and filling though hardly fancy. The dinner on the first night was planned to use up the fresh meat—steak or ground beef, broiled. When fresh meats were gone, there was canned roast beef—doctored up with canned potatoes and sliced onions and simmered in a big, covered fry pan. Along with it, we had basics like canned corn or some other "hotted up" vegetable, bread, some kind of fruit, and, of course, plenty of coffee from a big two-gallon coffee pot.

An all-time favorite fruit "dessert" was made up of 1 lb. of prunes, 1 lb. of apricots, and 1 lb. of raisins, all simmered together. When this was almost done, a couple of lbs. of minute rice were added and stirred a bit,

then the pot was set aside to cool. We called this "spotted pup," though the original dish of that name, common in the West, was rice boiled with a liberal addition of raisins and served with milk and sugar.

A favorite breakfast dish was made from about 1½ dozen eggs scrambled with a little canned milk and canned cream-style corn and seasoned with chili flakes. With it we enjoyed a panful of slow-fried bacon, toast made on a wire grill over the coals, plenty of coffee, and then, to finish off, a helping of "spotted pup" prepared the previous evening. Altogether a lasting breakfast for a working man.

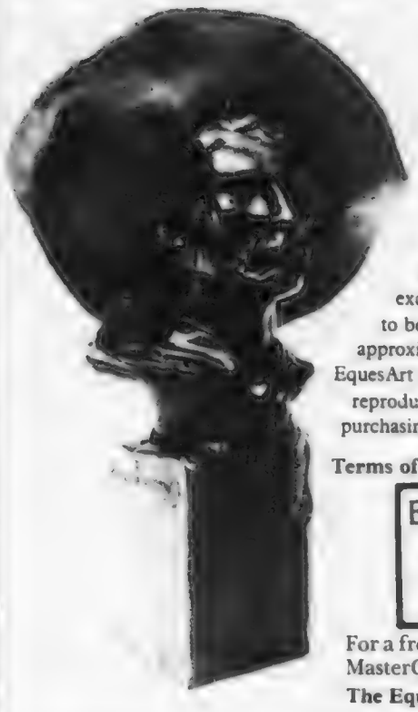
When visiting a work camp in the high, wild area of the San Bernardino Mountains, I usually arrived on the fourth day of a project and stayed overnight. This was always a pleasant trip for me. I would ride to the camp from road's end early in the morning with mail and small supplies in knapsacks hung across the back of my saddle. It was understood that when I reached camp I would start cooking a potful of "camp beans." (I wasn't a skilled cook—far from it—but I was experienced and available.)

With the camp gear was a 2½ gallon aluminum pot with bail and lid. I would put 3 lbs. of pinto beans in the pot, fill it about ⅓ with water, cover the pot, and set it in a bed of coals to start the long cooking process while I checked the work of the crew. At noon I returned to camp, built up the cooking fire, and added the other ingredients to the soaked and simmered beans: 1 lb. of salt pork or bacon cut in chunks; 4 or 5 large sliced onions; and 2 or 3 crumbled dry chilis. To avoid good-natured razzing by the crew, I had to be a bit cautious with the amount of chili used. The old hands knew that I sometimes was rather liberal with the seasoning.

The bean pot was checked several times during the afternoon, stirred a bit, and a little water added if needed. By eatin' time the beans were well cooked. Six or seven hearty appetites would empty that potful of camp beans, along with bread and plenty of coffee, in one meal. Occasionally I cook a batch of camp beans just to see if it still satisfies the way it used to back in the hills years ago. It does.

During his long and adventuresome life in the West, **C. O. Peterson** *spent more than twenty years in the Forest Service, much of the time fighting fires. He is a frequent contributor to* AMERICAN WEST.

THE SERGEANT



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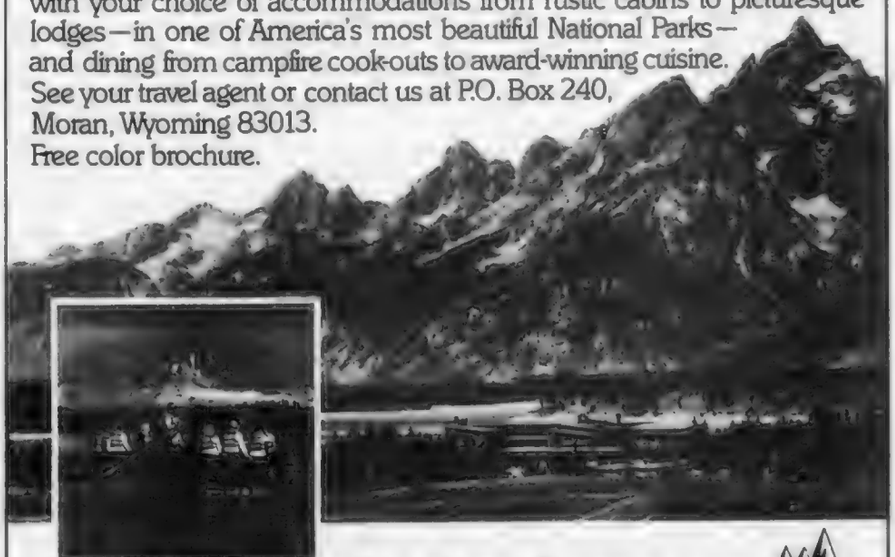

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Western Lookout

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Ancient Redwood Felled

Ken Wilson and his dog pause upon the stump of a 300-foot redwood that until recently grew on his land in Sonoma County, California. The giant tree had stood since Rome was sacked by the Visigoths, through centuries of Pomo Indian habitation and frontier expansion in California. It was considered a landmark tree.

When Wilson bought his ranch in 1980, he agreed to leave the timber rights to a Thomas Passalaqua, but, he says, they also made a verbal agreement to preserve this ancient redwood. Wilson was duly upset when he learned of Passalaqua's intention to cut it down. The news stirred support from conservationists, local residents, and county officials for Wilson's attempt to save the tree, but all efforts were futile. It was felled by Passalaqua's lumber crew on October 19, 1983. The 70,000 board feet that Passalaqua had in mind when he cut the venerable redwood would normally have been worth between $15,000 and $25,000. Ironically, the trunk cracked and shattered when it missed the bed that had been prepared for its fall (one forester said that "almost the entire tree was turned into grapestakes"). The value of timber is considerably diminished by this kind of cracking.

The loss of the giant redwood, which was deeply moving for some, set gears in motion toward the preservation of such outstanding trees. Ernest Carpenter, with the Sonoma County Board of Supervisors, is working on a county ordinance that will identify these trees and determine remuneration for the timber industry. Another group, the Sonoma County Land Trust, is already protecting natural landmarks. It is a county-wide, nonprofit organization designed to accept conservation easements—donations recognized by the I.R.S. At this writing, the Land Trust was negotiating for the preservation of a giant redwood near the coast that has long been a marker for seafarers.

Air base ruins. Test digs at a pre-Columbian Hohokam village site on Williams Air Force Base in Mesa, Arizona, have been completed. One third or more of the site was developed years ago with base housing and other structures, but the Air Force is ready to safeguard the remaining land that is protected under federal laws regarding property

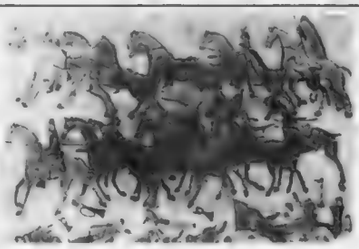
of historic value. Archeologists from the Museum of Northern Arizona found trash mounds, subterranean house floors, metates, and other artifacts typical of the pre-classic period as well as indications of what had been a large reservoir. The ruin is comparable to other, more extensively excavated village sites such as the Snaketown ruin on the Gila Indian Reservation. The Midvale Site, as the air base village is known, will be nominated for the National Register of Historic Places.

Shakes about quakes? A map showing predicted maximum earthquake intensities at points along the San Andreas and Hayward faults in California has been reprinted by the United States Geological Survey. Covering the peninsula from San Francisco to San Jose, much of the East Bay, and the Livermore and Santa Cruz valleys, the map shows potentially hazardous areas during large quakes. An accompanying report by U.S.G.S. scientists provides background information, tables, and graphs keyed to the intensity information on the maps. For more information, write to Western Distribution Branch, U.S. Geological Survey, Box 25286, Federal Center, Denver, Colorado 80225.

Popcorn Alley. Three wood-frame cribs, a stone home, and a bar house in the old Red Light district of Telluride, Colorado, have now been preserved for posterity. About four years ago proposals were made to build either a condominium or a lumber yard on the three commercial lots occupied by these run-down, nineteenth-century structures. But John Tutt thought more of the character of these old buildings and their contribution to the early history of the mining town. (Diane Tutt explains that entertainment taxes and fines on fights in Popcorn Alley comprised the town's only revenues for years.) So John Tutt approached John Frisbee, head of the endangered properties program at the National Trust for Historic Preservation. While the Trust normally administers to structures of a loftier nature, Frisbee apparently had little trouble convincing the Board of the historic value of these cribs—some of very few survivors out of thousands across the West a century ago or more. After being passed from the hands of the National Trust to the town of Telluride (and a three-year period of disuse), the new Telluride Housing Authority

Continued on page 64

Dude Ranching: A Complete History
Lawrence R. Borne
Interwoven with the history of recreational travel and tourism in the West is the story of dude ranching, a uniquely American enterprise. Like the national economy, it has had its ups and downs in the last century. Dude ranchers were among the first to recognize that the wildness and splendor of the Rocky Mountain West were worth preserving, and their story will interest anyone of like mind, as well as those who have ever been attracted to the romance of cowboy life. 288 pages, illustrated, map. Cloth: $24.95



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Robert M. Utley
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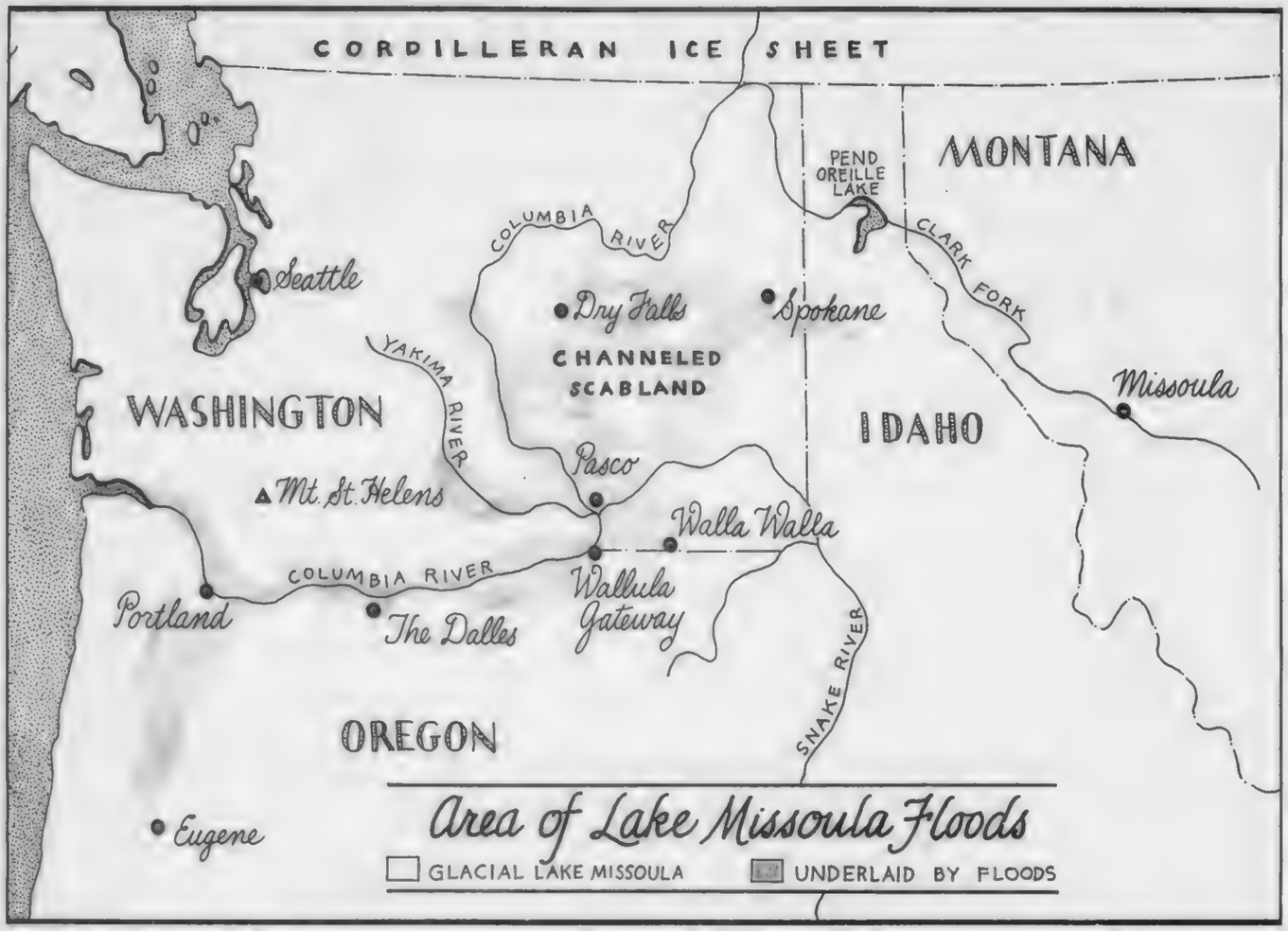

BASED ON INFORMATION FROM R. B. WAITT, JR., 1983

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH WOLF

The Lake Missoula Floods

by Stephen L. Harris

You Greeks [and Americans] are all children.... you have no belief rooted in old tradition and no knowledge hoary with age.... You remember only one deluge, though there have been many....

—Egyptian Priest to Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, discussing the many catastrophes "by fire and water" that have repeatedly devastated humankind. From Plato, the *Timaeus* (introducing the Atlantis legend).

When early nineteenth-century missionaries to the Pacific Northwest learned that several native American tribes preserved legends of a Great Flood, it seemed to many believers a welcome confirmation of the Biblical deluge. The science of geology was then in its infancy, and many Victorian scientists interpreted earth's history as a series of catastrophic upheavals—relatively short-lived, violent phenomena that elevated mountain ranges, threw down valleys, and laid out the thick deposits of sediments now exposed in deep canyons. Noah's flood was typically seen as only the last of these events.

Opposed to these "catastrophists" were the "uniformatarians," who argued that virtually all geologic features can be explained by the same slow processes of eruption, erosion, sedimentation, and ground movement we see at work today. Careful study of the rocks ultimately vindicated the uniformatarian position, which was further supported by the discovery of our planet's enormous age. The concept of "deep time"—the 4.6 billion years during which the earth developed into its present state—granted the chronological space needed to account for everything from the Grand Canyon to marine fossils in the Alps.

So diligently had the scientific community labored to escape from the inherited traditions of a six-day creation and Noachan deluge, that eventually it became understandably reluctant to view almost any formation as other than the product of long shaping

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by natural forces operating at the normal rate. Ironically, it was necessary to revert to a kind of limited catastrophism to understand one of the largest and most spectacular terrains in the West—the 2,000 square-mile Channeled Scabland in east-central Washington. For decades most geologists vigorously resisted the notion, first presented in the 1920s by J H. Bretz, that this vast tract of deeply scoured bedrock was formed not during eons of ordinary erosion but in mere days or weeks by late Ice Age floods of almost unimaginable magnitude.

Only from the air can one appreciate the immense features carved when cataclysmic floods roared hundreds of feet deep across northern Idaho and the lava plains of eastern Washington on their way down the Columbia River to the Pacific. The floodwaters peeled away thick layers of basaltic lavas, excavating an intricate network of channels, one as deep as 900 feet, and leaving behind colossal gravel bars with giant dunes sculpturing their surfaces —fossil wave-crests up to 20 feet high and 300 feet from crest to crest. Some high ridges were left as islands, their upstream ends whittled to prowlike points. The presently dry coulees (steep-walled ravines) of the Columbia Plateau then thundered with waterfalls and cataracts of immense proportions. The largest was Dry Falls in the southern part of Grand Coulee. Four hundred feet high and almost three miles wide, it is two and one-half times as high and five times as wide as Niagara Falls today. For brief periods, Dry Falls carried an immeasurably greater volume of water.

The origin of the floodwaters lay in northwestern Montana where, about 16,000 years ago, a huge glacial lake—Lake Missoula—had formed. At that time a lobe of the continental ice sheet advancing southward from Canada blocked the Clark Fork Valley near Pend Oreille Lake in the Idaho panhandle, creating an ice dam thousands of feet thick and impounding a body of water that stretched southeastward about 250 miles. When the ice dam failed, it released the entire glacial reservoir—perhaps 500 cubic miles of water—which rushed westward to emerge on the Columbia Plateau near the site of Spokane. From there the floods poured west and southwest, stripping away the loess (silty soil) cover and rapidly eroding the basaltic bedrock. Erratic blocks of granite, schist, and diorite were carried hundreds of miles from their source and deposited along the Columbia River where they can be seen today stranded atop the Columbia Gorge walls. Rafted by floating blocks of glacial ice, some of these erratics were swept as far as the Willamette Valley in western Oregon. Others, originally plucked from glaciated peaks high in the Rockies, were eventually swept down the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean, a distance of at least 430 miles.

Pouring out at perhaps 9.5 cubic miles per hour for at least forty hours (a volume estimated to be ten times the combined present flow of *all* the world's rivers), the flood temporarily ponded in the Pasco Basin, the lowest point in its journey over the Columbia Plateau, briefly forming a large lake. Because the only exit from the Pasco Basin—the Wallula Gateway on the Washington-Oregon border—was too narrow to allow such an enormous quantity of water to escape readily, the hydraulically dammed floodwaters flowed upstream into the Yakima, Walla Walla, and Snake River valleys.

Cresting at about 1,200 feet at the Wallula Gateway, the flood spread out to cover an area of 1,300 square miles in the Umatilla Basin, temporarily creating another sizable Pleistocene lake. Streaming down the Columbia Gorge, widening the valley and removing soil up to elevations of 1,000 feet as far as The Dalles, Oregon, the turbulent mass churned through The Dalles Basin, carving channels and depressions, some up to 225 feet below sea level, over a 100-square-mile area.

By the time it reached the Hood River's confluence with the Columbia, the floods still rose approximately 900 feet, cutting away the lower courses of tributary streams that entered the Columbia Gorge, leaving them hanging 400 feet above the present river surface. Entering the Portland area, the floods spread southward into the Willamette Valley as far south as Eugene, inundating 3,000 square miles as deeply as 350 feet.

Perhaps as astounding as the erosive force and magnitude of the deluge from glacial Lake Missoula is the number of times that such floods recurred. A 1980 study by Dr. Richard B. Waitt, Jr., of the United States Geological Survey concludes that the ice dam formed no fewer than *forty* times, only to be destroyed and to release its prodigious

Continued on page 69

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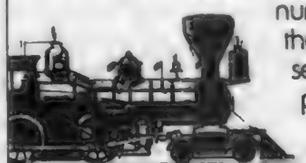

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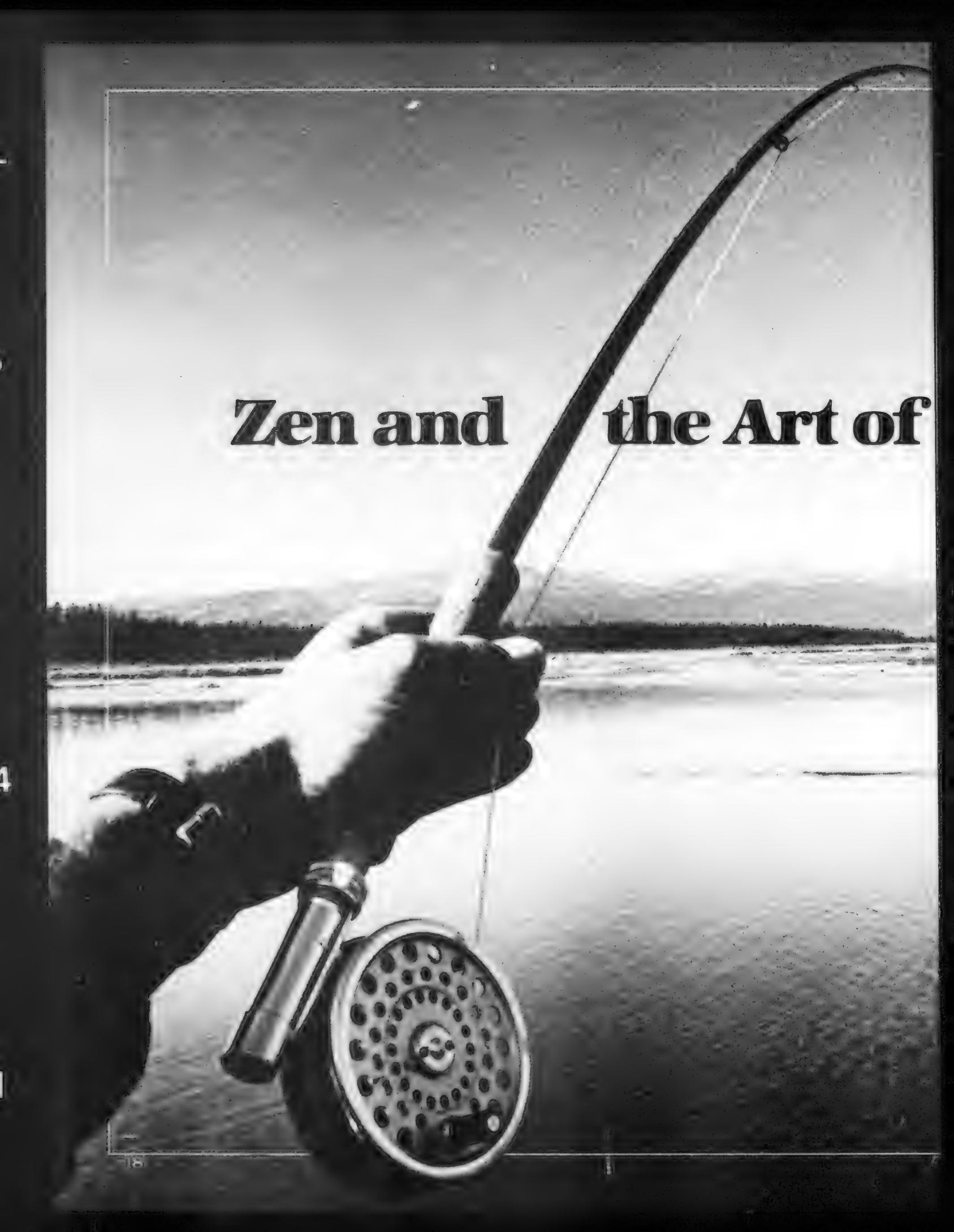
Zen and the Art of

Fly Fishing

PHOTOS BY R. VALENTINE ATKINSON

Intimacy and Wonder of Western Nature Bring Spiritual Rewards

by Paul Schullery

Zen: . . . enlightenment by direct intuition through meditation.—
Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

IN NORTHWESTERN WYOMING, ONLY A FEW MILES south of the Montana line, there's a mountain called Bunsen Peak. Named for the scientist who invented the burner by the same name, Bunsen is a fairly routine mountain for the region, only 8,500 feet high, but for several years it formed the south horizon of my home neighborhood, and so I have become quite attached to it. Along its north base, nestle a series of small ponds, one of which I used to fish quite often in the evening. At dusk, it was like fishing in church, with the mountain looming gothic and monumental so near and filling the pond with its mirrored bulk. Though the pond was still during the day, when evening came the rises of trout dimpled and pocked the surface, softening the image of the mountain like raindrops blurring spots on a huge watercolor.

In many ways, the pond exemplifies both the realities and the illusions of Western fly fishing. The grandness of the scale, with the extinct volcanic core of Bunsen's long-dormant cone—weathered towers of rock rise from the higher cliffs—rising almost from the shoreline; the wildness of the setting, where elk, moose, bear, and coyotes were not a surprise; the fast, almost frantic fishing that could greet me when the fish were on the feed; these were what one always hears Western fishing will be like. But an eastern angler who has learned about Western fishing only through popular magazines and television would not be expecting other offerings of the pond: an almost tomblike stillness, in direct contradiction to the brawling, wild-west image most Western fishing is portrayed as having; a trout population made up entirely of small (I once saw a "giant" of thirteen inches) eastern brook trout, transplanted here many years ago from waters an eastern angler would be quite familiar with; and a feeling of intimacy with the surroundings, a sense of privacy one might more readily associate with the closed-in broadleaf vegetation and restricted geography of some tumbling mountain stream in New England.

Such is Western fly fishing: not quite what it's advertised to be, but a lot more than many expect. Very few elements of it are foolproof evidence of a Western setting, and fishermen seem able to find commonality in the most distant of settings. Some river, or stretch of water, or pool, is always reminding one of us of some far-off spot. Anglers in Argentina are reminded of Wyoming, while some in New Zealand think of Pennsylvania.

But there are differences, intangible and difficult to articulate as they may be. I learned to fly fish in the West, and when I moved to Vermont to live for five years I realized the extent and power of the differences. For all the good fishing I found in the east (despite warnings by Western friends that the east is "fished out" and overcrowded), I missed my Western rivers almost instantly.

Fishing has a reputation as an innocuous, fairly mindless pastime enjoyed most by shiftless people. Perhaps that impression would be lessened if nonfishers understood more about fishing, especially about fly fishing. Calling fly fishing a hobby is a little like calling brain surgery a job; the title is appropriate but it doesn't really address the issue as fully as it ought to. I happen to enjoy several kinds of fishing; I just happen to enjoy fly fishing so much more than the others that it is the only kind I do. The tying of flies, the casting of the tapered line, the tinkering with the equipment, and the degree to which fly fishing immerses me (quite literally) in the world of wild water all justify the time I spend and the pleasure I find. I've always thought it telling that the national organization of fly fishers, the Federation of Fly Fishers, call their annual get-together (which is invariably held in the West) a "conclave" rather than a convention. Like the conclave of cardinals in Rome, there is a religious intensity in the meeting and in the devotion these people feel to their sport.

And I long ago learned to ignore those who think of fishing as an idler's pastime. Some types of fishing may permit dozing on the bank, but not fly fishing. I think it says enough that The Museum of American Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vermont, of which I was director for five years, has in its collection tackle owned by such energetic anglers as Daniel Webster, Andrew Carnegie, Ernest Hemingway, and Bing Crosby, none known to be lazy types. When I'm fly fishing, I'm very busy.

The nonfisher might also be more understanding if he saw what the fly fisher sees. Drive along a trout stream, let's say the Yellowstone River in Yellowstone Park. If you aren't a fisherman you'll see many things there, but the river, except when it is ridden by waterfowl or waded by moose, will rarely enter your thoughts, much less stimulate your spirit. It's different for a fly fisher. The surface of the water tells its own story: that hump followed by a series of lessening ripples (if they were larger they would be called standing waves) is proof of a rock or a stump submerged below. Those boulders on the far shore break the current, which moves more slowly close to them as the rock catches and retards it; fish and smaller creatures press themselves close to such obstructions to ease the labor of maintaining a position in the current (being a fish in a current is like being a man on a conveyor belt—both must move at a steady pace simply to remain where they are). The quiet eddies behind this logjam are home for schools of minnows and the occasional dragonfly nymph who will feed on them if it gets a chance. Soft swirls and rings on the river's surface are made by trout rising gently to inhale newly hatched mayflies floating on the surface as their wings dry.

THIS WATER IS A WILDERNESS OF ITS OWN, FULL OF life and beauty most of us have not imagined. The fly fisher is not unique in appreciating it—any good naturalist finds it absorbing—but fly fishing is a special way

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Angling on his seventy-third birthday, this jaunty sportsman landed a large steelhead in northern California's Gualala River, where he has fished every winter for over forty years.

PHOTO BY R. VALENTINE ATKINSON

of becoming involved in it. The fly fisher can explore it with line and leader, drifting a mayfly imitation on the surface to fool those trout, or probing deeply under the log jam with an imitation of the dragonfly nymph to entice a larger, wiser fish to strike. The fly fisher must learn to see the water for its messages as well as for its beauties, and in finding the former he will invariably heighten his appreciation of the latter.

Fly fishing in the West introduced me to some of the most beautiful of animals, aquatic insects—especially the mayflies, stoneflies, and caddisflies that live underwater for most of their life as tiny nymphs or larvae and then emerge on the surface, becoming elegant, even exquisite adults whose grace is unsurpassed by the most exotic of butterflies. Pick a rock from the shallows of a stream and turn it over; something will almost certainly be wriggling frantically at the sudden exposure, something that on a given summer evening will emerge and join countless of its kind to hover and dance above the water in mating swarms. When they drop to the water to lay their eggs, the trout rise to meet them.

Without fly fishing I would never have gotten to know the dipper, a chubby gray bird of the West that is surely the cheeriest friend a fisherman could hope for. The dipper, or water ouzel, has puzzled many newcomers from the east. A ranger friend of mine was once approached by a concerned tourist who reported seeing "a little gray bird commit suicide by walking right into a creek." The dipper, with its song-bird

shape and totally nonaquatic appearance, lives on aquatic insects and small fish that it chases down under the water without the benefit of webbed feet. Dippers build nests under overhanging banks, right above the water, and spend their days splashing around in the shallows, frequently on the very edge of fast water. I once watched one "fly" along right under the surface for about fifteen yards pursuing something in Glacier Park's Avalanche Lake. Dippers get their name not from their habit of taking an occasional "dip" in the water but from an enchanting mannerism. As they jump from rock to rock, or sit surveying a likely pool, they do a series of little bobbing kneebends, one after another. At first it seems like a nervous twitch—something you hope they'll get over soon—but after a while you get used to it, and the dipper's little dance and shuffle become an important part of a day's fishing.

But of course for all the birds, insects, mammals, and scenery, it is the fish that brought me here. Westerners fly fish for everything from bass to sharks, but for me fly fishing in the West is a matter of trout. The Western trout resource has always been richer and more diverse than the eastern resource. Only two types of trout, the brook trout and the lake trout (scientists remind us that they are not true trout but charr) inhabited the eastern seaboard before white settlement, while in the West whites found the rainbow, the cutthroat, the golden, the lake, the Dolly Varden, and the steelhead. The steelhead, incidentally, reveals the ultimate difficulties of generalizing about just how many types of trout there are in the West; it is actually an ocean-going rainbow, hatched in fresh water, that descends to the sea and lives there for some years before returning to spawn in the same stretch of river where it was born. There are dozens, even scores, of subspecies and strains of the Western trouts I've named, enough to keep taxonomists exploring, studying, and arguing for

PHOTOS BY R. VALENTINE ATKINSON

many years beyond the century they've already been at it. To the native westerners have been added the eastern brook trout and the European brown, the latter first coming to this continent in the early 1880s. For me it's enough to know that I'll never be able to fish for, much less catch, every kind, and that my life has been enriched by the trying.

I became involved, for several years, in the history of angling. It occurred to me, a historian by training, that fishing is a pursuit that historians, even the so-called social historians, have almost totally ignored; certainly, an activity that so many millions of people have enjoyed must have some things to teach us about ourselves. When I turned to Western angling history, I was told again and again by Westerners that "We have no history; we haven't been fishing that long, and we just don't have a past." I couldn't believe that, and so with the help of a few studious friends I attempted to study the past that wasn't there.

(Opposite) ***This handsome brown trout has just been taken from one of the blue-ribbon trout streams in the West, the Madison River in Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming.*** (Above) ***A quiet spot on the Fall River in Shasta County, northern California, offers excellent fishing for rainbow trout as well as solitude to enjoy the inspiration of nature, not far from majestic Mount Shasta.***

I found that almost every fish I caught, anywhere I fished in the West, had been caught at least a century earlier by some pioneering fly fisher. Sport is uppermost in the minds of some of the first people to enter any new country, and the West rewarded the enterprising pioneer.

I learned to fly fish in Yellowstone Park, in some of the best-regulated, most successfully managed trout streams in the world. Yellowstone wasn't formally explored until well

after the Civil War. Among the first explorers was Warren Gillette, who in 1870 traveled the park (before it even *was* a park) with a fly rod, losing all his flies by the time he left. The native cutthroats of the Rockies were caught on flies much earlier than that, though, by a young Wilford Woodruff, who accompanied Brigham Young and the first group of Mormon pioneers across what is now Wyoming in 1847. Woodruff was such a devoted angler that even in the midst of such adventure and hardship he found time (according to his own diaries) to fish a stream near Fort Bridger and catch a dozen good fish on flies, outfishing the bait-fishermen who accompanied him.

PHOTO BY R. VALENTINE ATKINSON

Still life at the end of a successful day. Next to a fisherman's tin of tobacco lies the reward for a day of angling — a fat rainbow trout that will soon be sizzling in the frying pan for dinner.

SPORTSMEN WERE QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF similar opportunities with the coastal version of the cutthroat as well. Cutthroats, like many other trouts, will leave their home rivers and wander the nearby coastal waters of the ocean. They won't go as far, or grow as large, as the steelhead, but they return in a few weeks or months with a vigor unmatched by freshwater fish. I caught a few one evening on the Siuslaw in Oregon, only a few miles upstream from the coast; they were moving upstream, following a spawning run of king salmon to eat the salmon eggs, and would take any fly I offered them as long as it was bright salmon-egg orange. Their time in the saltwater gave them an unbelievable power. I held a fourteen-inch fish in my two, very large hands and was unable to keep him from flexing and bending back and forth like a steel spring. One hundred and twenty years before, in August of 1853, Captain George B. McClellan and Dr. George Suckley, both of the Pacific Railroad Survey of the United States Government, caught many such fish on flies near the Hudson Bay trading post of Fort Nisqually, at the south end of Puget Sound.

The steelhead I've had less luck with. Though I've tried for them in several rivers, for weeks at a time, I've caught only a few small ones. Even those made it worth it, though, for the steelhead repays patience with some of the most spectacular fights in freshwater fishing. Like the freshwater rainbow, steelhead are jumpers, fast fish that can peel thirty yards of line from a reel and be in the air almost before a fisherman can act to control the fight. When I remarked to a fisherman on Oregon's Rogue River (made famous by Zane Grey's *Tales of Freshwater Fishing)* that these steelhead were incredibly fast fish, he responded enthusiastically, if a little crudely, "Oh yes, they got dynamite up their ass!"

Once in Florida I caught a seven-pound bonefish, a saltwater fish known for singular speed and power, that did not hit and run with the shocking power of a two-pound Rogue River steelhead. So I looked into the record and learned that many fishermen before me had shared the same frustrations and thrills. San Francisco anglers began fly fishing for steelhead about the time of the Civil War, and the most famous early steelhead fisherman must have been Rudyard Kipling, who passed through America in 1889 on his way from India to England. He found his way to the Clackamas, a tributary of the Willamette in northern Oregon, where he caught a number of steelhead and concluded ecstatically, "That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads—greater than them all."

It is for these characteristic fish and others—the alpine lake-dwelling golden trout, the outsized reservoir rainbows of Flaming Gorge, the discriminating hard-to-catch browns wherever they are found—that Western fly fishing is known. To the eastern fishermen I know, the West is a kind of Nirvana, where they can come to catch trout larger than they can expect at home, and can catch them in greater numbers as well. The West is being heavily advertised on those terms these days, by a growing number of fishing-related businesses and tourist bureaus. Luckily, with intelligent management many of the West's best trout streams could stay as good as they are even with more fishermen. I don't worry as much about the quality of the fishing as I do about the attitudes of the fisherman.

Western fishing is more than just heroic trout and scaled-up excitement. It's as full a fishing experience as anywhere else. It's a tiny, almost step-across little brook I saw near Tuolumne Pass in the Sierra; I fished for an hour and caught several fish, none over six inches but each jewel-bright when it turned to take the fly from snow-cold water only inches deep. It's another stream, in Wyoming, where I could go simply *knowing* I would catch several small trout, any evening I chose. It's all the hundreds of trout I've caught and returned for the sake of good fishing. It's the dippers, and the mayflies, and that cathedral-like pond at the foot of Bunsen Peak. It's Wilford Woodruff on his way to becoming presi-

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dent of the Mormon church or Rudyard Kipling on his way to a different kind of immortality. And it's me, out there stumbling around trying not to embed a fly in my ear as I did last spring, or trying to teach my wife something of the wonder of fly fishing, and rarely thinking of myself as a part of the progression of natural and human events I've been describing here.

Western fly fishing is all those things, but of course it's more. The novelist-parliamentarian-publisher John Buchan (1875–1940) called fishing "a perpetual series of occasions for hope." Hope is something that needs exercise, and fishing never ceases to provide opportunities for such exercise. One risks much in ascribing such ethereal and spiritual qualities to a sport, especially a sport with as checkered a reputation as fishing, but it makes sense to me. I've fished in New England, in the midwest, and in the south, but hope has always been brightest and most compelling when I've fished the West.

To learn the higher joys of fly fishing, consult these books.

As I suggest in my story of my own fly fishing, there is much more to it than the catching of fish. A few gifted authors have written well of the higher joys of the sport. I find myself spending much more time with books of this sort than with the instruction manuals these days, especially in winter when I'm less inclined to fish. The West's truly eminent angling author—whose reputation as a man of letters goes beyond the narrow scope of fishing literature—is the late Roderick Haig-Brown, who wrote many moving books, the most famous of which is *A River Never Sleeps* (Crown). His season cycle, *Fisherman's Spring*, *Fisherman's Summer*, *Fisherman's Fall*, and *Fisherman's Winter* (Crown, the four of them) is almost as well known. Other excellent and evocative writing has been done by Steve Raymond, *The Year of the Angler* (Winchester Press), Russell Chatham, *The Angler's Coast* (Doubleday), and the late Ben Hur Lampman—for many years poet laureate of Oregon—*A Leaf from French Eddy* (Touchstone). Zane Grey celebrated the steelhead of the Rogue River in Oregon in *Tales of Freshwater Fishing* (Barnes).

Fly fishing, like many pastimes, is better learned from a skilled friend than from a book, but there are many excellent books to guide the Western angler. For an introduction to the techniques and equipment of fly fishing, there are several fine books: David Lee, *Fly Fishing: A Beginner's Guide* (Prentice-Hall); Charles Waterman, *Modern Fresh & Salt Water Fly Fishing* (Collier Macmillan); A. J. McClane, *The Practical Fly Fisherman* (Prentice-Hall), and Craig Woods, *The Fly Fisherman's Streamside Handbook* (Ziff Davis). These are general guides, of use to anglers in any part of the country, but all contain references to Western fishing.

Two general Western guides that heavily emphasize fly fishing have withstood the test of time: Roderick Haig-Brown, *The Western Angler* (Collins), which has been in print most of the time since the 1930s, and Enos Bradner, *Northwest Angling* (Binfords & Mort). These two are of most use for British Columbia, Oregon, and Washington. Two other books that discuss modern developments in Western fly-fishing techniques and fly patterns are: Charles Brooks, *Larger Trout for the Western Fly Fisherman* (Barnes) and *The Trout and the Stream* (Crown).

Most of the books on Western fly fishing are not limited to specific states but to some other subject. Western lake fishing is often quite different from other lake fishing, especially in the highest subalpine country, where lakes may be free of ice only three or four months. Books especially useful for Western lake conditions are: John Merwin, *Stillwater Trout* (Nick Lyons/Doubleday) and Trey Combs, *Fishing the High Country* (Frank Amato Publications).

Some states have local books, and though these are rarely devoted exclusively to fly fishing, they often contain great amounts of useful information on waters and fishing conditions. Two of the best known are: Kick Konizeski, *The Montanans' Fishing Guide* (Mountain Press) and Francis Ames, *Fishing the Oregon Country* (Caxton). In some smaller areas that are exceptionally well known for good fishing, similar guides also exist. Most of the national parks in the West sell brochures or booklets about their fishing. My own favorite fishing is in and around Yellowstone Park, especially in the park itself and in the streams of Montana to the north and west. Fisheries biologist John D. Varley and I have written a comprehensive book about the aquatic resources of Yellowstone, *Freshwater Wilderness: Yellowstone Fishes and Their World* (Yellowstone Library and Museum Association).

The steelhead is a fish I've pursued rather quixotically in a number of coastal streams, including Washington's Skagit, Skykomish, and Stilliguamish, and Oregon's Rogue and North Umpqua. The best book on steelhead fly fishing is Trey Combs, *Steelhead Fly Fishing and Flies* (Frank Amato Publications), whose pictures of giant fish break my heart. Other very useful books are Bill Stinson, *Fly Rod Steelhead* (Frank Amato Publications) and Tom Light and Neal Humphrey, *Steelhead Fly Tying Manual* (Frank Amato Publications). A good introduction to the steelhead's smaller cousin the sea-run cutthroat trout is Les Johnson, *Sea-Run* (Frank Amato Publications). Another cousin of the steelhead, the Kamloops type of inland rainbow trout has received an exhaustive celebration of its natural history and sporting potential in Steve Raymond, *Kamloops, An Angler's Study of the Kamloops Trout* (Frank Amato Publications).

There are two organizations that can help your fly fishing in many ways: The Federation of Fly Fishers, Post Office Box 1088, West Yellowstone, Montana, 59758; and Trout Unlimited, Post Office Box 1944, Washington, D.C., 20013. Both have dozens of associated clubs throughout the West. By joining you put yourself in touch with a network of fellow enthusiasts who meet frequently for social and instructional purposes. All is not well in the health of many Western waters, and these organizations are working to protect the fishing the West is so famous for.

Paul Schullery *has written extensively about the Western outdoors. He was formerly Executive Director of The Museum of American Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vermont, but he moved back West to give his time to fishing and writing.*

Rubber Rafting Western Rivers— Yesterday and Today

With a loud hurrah, through the foam we went!

by Peter Skafte

AMONG RIVER RAFTERS IN THE AMERICAN WEST IT IS common knowledge that if you listen closely you can sometimes hear voices rising out of the rush of the river, singing, shouting. The sounds will fool you into thinking another crew is coming around the bend. But you will never see them. I first heard this account twelve years ago from an old man I met camping by the North Platte River in Wyoming. We sat under a huge cottonwood tree in the firelight, sharing a bottle of wine.

"Did you ever hear them?" he said. "They are the ghost voices of the first people to run the river in a rubber raft."

"Who were they?" I asked, sensing a good story.

"I'll let you figure that one out," the old man said with a grin and hid his face in the shadows.

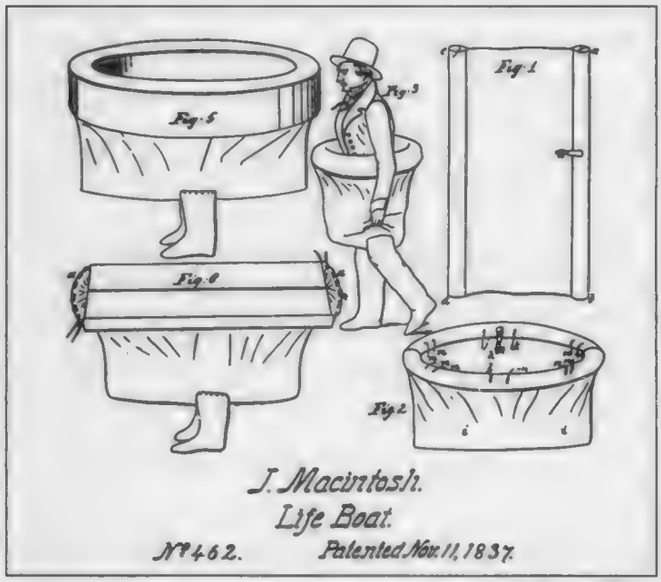
It was not quite as simple as I thought it would be to "figure that one out." Most modern river rafters will claim that their inflatable rubber boats were first used on the Western rivers after the Second World War. At that time army surplus assault rafts and rubberized pontoons from floating bridges became available to the public. Rafters seem unable to agree who was the first to run Western rivers with this equipment. Going back before the Second World War, row boats of various types with airtight compartments were preferred for river running. In his legendary exploration of the Green and Colorado rivers in 1869 and 1871, Major John Wesley Powell used row boats. The mountain men of the

Running Marble Creek rapid on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho, rafters strain to meet the same kind of exciting challenges faced by John Charles Frémont and his party on the North Platte in 1842. Modern white-water raft design is remarkably similar to the equipment that Frémont used.

PHOTO BY PETER SKAFTE

fur-trapping days preferred to go Indian style in canoes and bull boats, which were made of uncured buffalo skins sewn together over a frame of willow poles or other flexible wood. General William H. Ashley, pioneer fur trader in the Rockies, floated in a bull boat in 1825 through the now-popular section of the Green River that runs through Dinosaur National Monument in Colorado and Utah. Among the earlier noteworthy river runs in the West was James Workman's and Samel Spencer's desperate voyage down a section of the Colorado River in a canoe in 1808. They were trying to find their way to St. Louis by way of Santa Fé but became hopelessly lost and ended up in California.

Though it is little known, this mythic past of American river running overlaps the construction and use of the first rubber rafts. Charles Goodyear, inventor of the vulcanization process that made all of our modern rubber products possible, pointed out that inflatable rubber rafts were among the first items produced by the various rubber manufacturers. Early raft models were designed in 1837 by John MacIntosh of New York. Some of his boats must have been a fantastic sight, as



COURTESY U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Land ho! The amphibious gentleman in John McIntosh's 1837 inflatable rubber boat can emerge from the water and go about his business while wearing his transportation. When he re-enters the deep, he can flail his way along with his legs, which are encased in rubber boots attached to the bottom of his boat.

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they had long rubber leggings attached to the floor. With this invention, MacIntosh said, a person can "carry the whole in his hand, walk about readily, and jump from a vessel or a wharf into the water, and when there, may use his feet to swim backwards, forward, or in any direction he pleases." Perhaps a river navigator would also want to bring along an inflatable rubber device patented by Samuel White of England in 1840. This was a rubberized, buoyant top hat that could act as a life preserver while, presumably, allowing the person to maintain a fashionable appearance.

Raft designs for military as well as civilian use proliferated during the next twenty years. The army was especially interested in "floating equipage" for carrying troops and ammunition across rivers. Colonel John Foote Lane of Indiana was issued a patent postmortem in 1840 for lashing inflatable rubber pontoons together with ropes and poles, thereby creating floating bridges or rafts. The colonel's experience in Florida during the Second Seminole War led to his invention in 1836. For several decades afterward, this was the prototype for many military rafts and for a type of commercial raft commonly used after the Second World War. In the American West, Colonel Henry W. Stanton designed a special rubber raft for ferrying wagons across rivers during the 1840s. Such boats had the advantage of being light and easily transportable. In 1853 the artist H. B. Möllhausen was present to record the crossing of the Colorado River in an inflatable raft during Lieutenant Amiel Whipple's survey for the Pacific railroad.

USING RUBBER RAFTS AS LIFE BOATS ALSO BECAME more popular in the midnineteenth century. One of the best known of these early models was by Charles Goodyear, who won a medal for his self-inflatable raft in 1851. Goodyear's ingenious design partitioned the rubber pontoons with sheets of cauotchouc whalebone board and then folded the boat up like an accordion. One had only to unfold the boat, and air would automatically rush in to inflate the chambers.

Were any of these early boats ever used for running the Western rivers? Or did we have to wait a hundred years before the era of rafting really began? The answer lies buried in the voluminous memoirs of the Western explorers. John Charles Frémont, who was best known for his first three expeditions west of the Rocky Mountains as an officer in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, rafted a section of the North Platte in Wyoming and a section of the Bear River in Utah in 1842 and 1843. His 1842 expedition to this territory was less motivated by scientific curiosity than by the ambition of Senator Thomas Hart Benton (Frémont's father-in-law) to acquire the Oregon Territory for the United States. To prepare for the trip, Frémont went to New York to buy the necessary equipment. He purchased sextants, barometers, compasses, and a daguerreotype apparatus, an early kind of camera. This was probably the first time a camera was used in the West, but unfortunately, none of the pictures, if they turned out at all, has survived. Frémont also had a special American flag made depicting an eagle holding a peace pipe. He had notions that the symbolism of this flag would pacify hostile Indians.

Most important for our story, Frémont bought a rubber raft for $150 from Horace H. Day of New York, the inventor and manufacturer. Day brought the raft down to the Frémont residence in Washington, D.C., and it was proudly displayed in the upper gallery by the dining room for everyone in the family to admire. This occurred several months before Horace Day learned and allegedly stole the secrets of

PHOTO BY PETER SKAFTE

About this treacherous rapid on the North Platte, Frémont wrote: "Singing or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately in the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant."

Goodyear's vulcanization process. Consequently, the India rubber reeked so strong of chemicals that the pregnant Jessie Frémont became ill. The raft was promptly banished to the barn.

Frémont describes this rubber raft as twenty feet long and five feet broad with separate airtight compartments. As far as he knew, his 1842 expedition was the first time such a boat was used for the purpose of exploring rivers. The description of Frémont's second rubber raft (also bought from Horace Day), used on his expedition the following year, was more specific. It was eighteen feet long, "made somewhat in the form of a bark canoe of the northern lakes." The sides were constructed of two airtight cylinders, eighteen inches in diameter. Similar cylinders formed a bow and a stern. Frémont noted that the boat was large enough to hold five or six persons and a considerable weight of baggage. Comparing this description with that of Horace Day's patent of 1846, we can assume that the boats were based on the same design. Interestingly, Horace Day's use of inflatable cylinders as a frame for a rubber floor makes his raft the direct precursor of the most commonly used rafts today.

With the legendary Kit Carson as a guide, Frémont started off in the spring of 1842 with a group of twenty-four men and one twelve-year-old boy. Most of the party consisted of Creole and Canadian fur-trappers who were experienced in the hardships of the Western frontier. Also accompanying them was Charles Preuss, a cartographer from Germany. We

(Left) ***During a recent visit to the North Platte River in Wyoming, the author found water once more rushing wildly into Frémont Canyon, just as it had in 1842 when Frémont's party ran this section in a rubber raft.*** (Below) ***Civil War General Haupt is pictured in the oldest-known photograph of a rubber raft, taken about 1864. The raft was used for scouting because the deflated pontoons could be hidden under a scout's overcoat. When needed, the raft was assembled by inflating the pontoons with a bellows and inserting boards through the loops on the inflated cylinders.***

COURTESY NATIONAL ARCHIVES

have Preuss to thank for a grumpy and detailed commentary of this journey in his extensive diaries. The rubber raft was first used to ford the wagons across the Kansas River. On the last crossing, the boat capsized, dumping all of its contents into the water. As Frémont describes it in his journal:

> The man at the helm was timid on water, and, in his alarm, capsized the boat. Carts, barrels, boxes, and bales were in a moment floating down the current; but all the men who were on the shore jumped into the water, without stopping to think if they could swim, and almost everything—even heavy articles, such as guns and lead—was recovered. Two of the men, who could not swim, came nigh being drowned, and all the sugar belonging to one of the messes wasted its sweets upon the muddy waters; but our heaviest loss was a bag of coffee, which contained nearly all our provision. It was a loss which none but a traveller in a strange and inhospitable country can appreciate; and often afterward, when excessive toil and long marching had overcome us with fatigue and weariness, we remembered and mourned over our loss in the Kansas. (John Charles Frémont, *Memoirs of My Life*, 1887 [page 77])

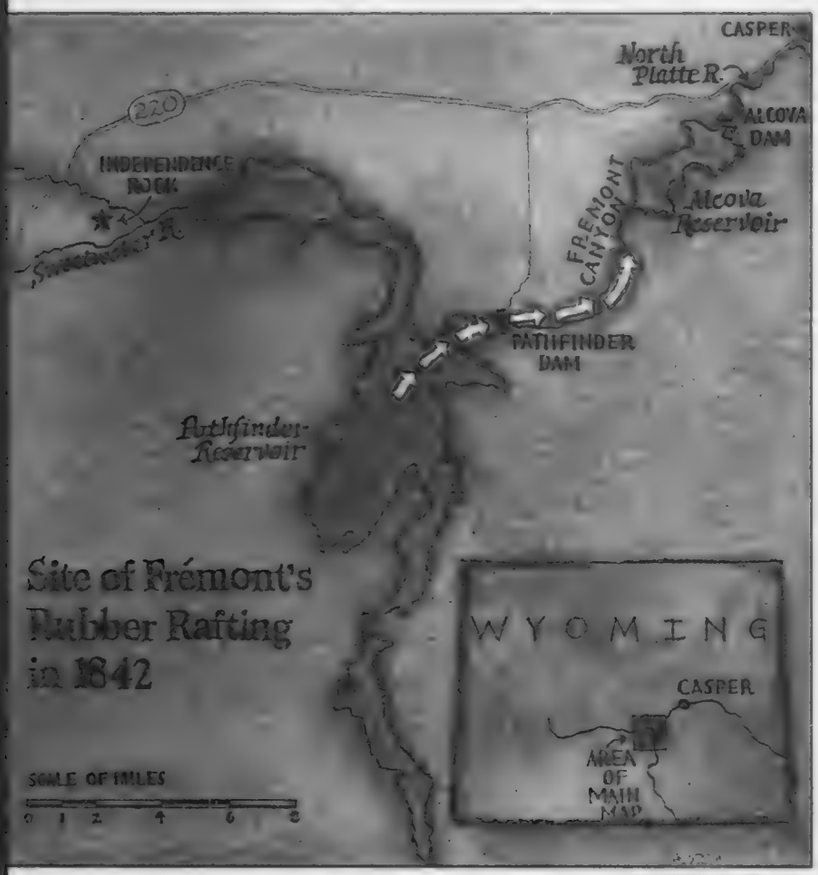
THE EXPLORERS CONTINUED WEST THROUGH SOUTH Pass in Wyoming and climbed to the top of what is now called Frémont Peak (13,720 feet). Claiming it to be the highest peak in the Rocky Mountains, Frémont planted his special eagle-peace-pipe flag on its summit. Everyone

PHOTO BY PETER SKAFTE

escaped relatively unscathed from this adventure, except for a few mild cases of high-altitude sickness. On their return trip, the party prepared to survey the North Platte River. Preuss wrote on this occasion:

> There was such a hurry this morning that Frémont became angry when my horse urinated. He whipped its tail when it had only half relieved nature. We are camped here at the Independence Rock on the Sweet Water about 15 miles above the point at which it empties into the Platte. Tomorrow the boat will be inflated, and we shall try to sail the Platte. Very doubtful because the water is confoundedly low. Well, if not must ride another 15 miles. And then goodbye horseback riding forever, I hope. At least at such a pace. (Charles Preuss, *Exploring with Frémont*, 1958 [page 50])

As it turned out, the water was low, and the impatient crew did have to ride their horses another fifteen miles. But finally the rubber boat was pumped up with a bellows, placed in the water at the confluence of the Sweetwater and the North Platte and loaded with supplies. Preuss wrote with a note of contempt that Frémont reserved the best of the provisions for their small party, leaving the ordinary goods for the "common crowd." The choice food included sugar, chocolate, macaroni, and the best part of three bison. Besides Frémont and Preuss, the crew selected for this historic river run included Clement Lambert, de Cocteau, Basil Lajeunesse, Honoré Ayot, and Leonard Benoit.



MAP DRAWN BY ELIZABETH WOLF

They put on the river before sunrise, hoping to reach Goat Island in a few hours and have breakfast there. Frémont writes:

> We paddled down the river rapidly. Our little craft was light as a duck on the water; the sun had been some time risen, when we heard before us a hollow roar, which we supposed to be that of a fall, of which we had heard a vague rumor but whose exact locality no one had been able to describe to us.... As we neared the ridge the river made a sudden turn, and swept squarely down against one of the walls of the canyon with a great velocity, and so steep a descent that it had to the eye the appearance of an inclined plane. When we launched into this, the men jumped overboard to check the velocity of the boat, but were soon in water up to their necks, and our boat ran on; but we succeeded in bringing her to a small point of rocks on the right at the mouth of the canyon. (Frémont, *Memoirs*, page 154)

Exhausted but in high spirits, the crew succeeded in getting through three cataracts in this manner. Frémont noted that a wooden boat would have broken up into splinters at the first rapid. But everyone was so delighted with the performance of their rubber raft that they "would not have hesitated to leap a fall of ten feet with her."

Preuss echoed on this occasion: "Everybody praised the good boat; they believed they could get over falls of ten feet in it. These people like others, too, are always inclined to exaggerate everything." (Preuss, *Exploring with Frémont*, page 52)

After a late breakfast on the shore, the party reembarked and soon entered another canyon which they described as a "dark chasm in the rock." While trying to line the raft with ropes from the shore, Lajeunesse fell from the top of a rock headfirst into the river. Fortunately, he was flushed down through the rapid unhurt. Frémont decided not to line the boat any further, but to rely entirely on the navigational skill of the crew. He relates:

> We placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skilled boatman being at the bow; and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock and shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract. We became flushed with success and familiar with the danger; and, yielding to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together in a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of the fall, which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling was to assist them and save some of our effects; but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy and I landed on a

COURTESY NATIONAL ARCHIVES

On a Pacific Railroad Survey in 1853, Lieutenant Amiel Whipple's party was the first to cross the Colorado River on an inflatable raft. Composed of three inflatable rubber cylinders, this type of raft is still used in the Grand Canyon. Artist H. B. Möllhausen was there to record the crossing near a Mojave village.

pile of rocks on the left side. Looking around, I saw that Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, about twenty yards below; and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the wall, lay the boat, bottom up; and Lambert was in the act of saving de Cocteau, whom he had grasped by the hair, and who could not swim....For a hundred yards below, the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets, scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescopes were in view at once. (Frémont, *Memoirs*, page 157)

So ended the first rubber-raft trip in the old West. Frémont and his men, some of them half naked, had to walk out of the canyon and down to Goat Island. For Frémont, this must have been a particularly unhappy walk since he had lost one of his moccasins and had to pull cactus thorns out of his foot continually.

WITH A FEELING OF NOSTALGIA I TURNED OFF AT the historical marker on Highway 220 by Independence Rock in Wyoming. Little has changed here where Frémont launched his first abortive attempt to float the Sweetwater. The gigantic rock rises out of an endless plain of swirling grass. But farther east the Pathfinder Reservoir has drowned most of that first river run. All that remains is the two- or three-mile stretch on the North Platte before the disaster.

Following the early descriptions, I discovered the voyagers' breakfast spot on the right shore beneath the Pathfinder Dam. Then came a quiet section of the river terminating in the "palisades" where Preuss was put ashore temporarily to save the sextant. It was easy to identify the rapid that flipped Frémont's raft. There, right below it, was the only place where the crew could have gotten into an eddy and climbed out, as their account describes. Farther down, the canyon walls rise straight up 500 feet. Three steep, treacherous drops in the river would probably cause injury or death to those who might try to raft this section. Yet Basil Lajeunesse of

Frémont's crew had fearlessly jumped back into the raft after the disaster and continued paddling over these drops alone, looking for lost equipment.

Walking from the highway out onto a high mesa and looking down at the river raging through a narrow chasm, I recognized the truth of Preuss's final statement regarding his river experience: "It was certainly stupid of the young chief to be so foolhardy where the terrain was absolutely unknown." Still, I felt a sting of envy; for each year, like so many other river rafters, I come back to find the West again, to get a fleeting glimpse of those qualities that met Frémont's eyes at every turn.

"Are you going to run this river?" someone said. Turning around, I saw that three travellers had stopped their car to join me.

"If you'll come with me," I answered.

We put on the river below the Pathfinder Dam. Approaching the palisades, we picked up speed. "Right turn! Forward!" We seemed to fly by a huge, white-foaming wall. Now the roar of the river became so loud that my shouts of command were barely audible. Clinging to my seven-foot steering paddle, I tried to maintain control as our raft seemed to become airborne, leaping across each wave like a porpoise. I remembered Preuss's words, "With a loud hurrah, through the foam we went!" But even in all the excitement we had to be very careful. There were few eddies, and the sheer cliffs made it impossible in many places to get the raft out of the canyon. If a mishap should occur, and someone was knocked unconscious or was not able to swim out before the final 500-foot drop into the canyon straight ahead of us, there could be a fatality. "Right turn! Hold on!" I saw the crucial eddy coming up. We had to turn the boat into it. "Paddle for your lives!" I shouted. And suddenly, it was over. We sat drenched and dazed in the safety of the quiet water.

Hours later we relaxed at the marina near the Pathfinder Reservoir. I asked the proprietor how often this canyon was run in rafts. "I've never seen anyone run it," he said. "The dam was completed in 1909, and most of the river water was diverted through a tunnel twenty-three years ago. But this is the wettest year on record in these parts. We'll have water for three weeks, and it will be shallow again, maybe for another hundred years. Who knows? You should go and see the water overflowing the dam. It's quite a sight."

As we stood in front of the Niagara-like waterfall, its crashing roar echoed back upon itself, producing a sound like people shouting. One of my companions turned to me in surprise and said, "Do you hear voices?"

Dr. **Peter Skafte,** *an anthropologist of Danish origin, lives in Boulder, Colorado. He has rafted and kayaked Western rivers extensively for the past fourteen years.*

Come, hear those ghost voices while you raft these exciting Western rivers

MAP DRAWN BY ELIZABETH WOLF

The names of some of the river runs of the West have a mythic ring: Westwater, Northgate, Hell's Canyon, Gray and Desolation, Gates of Ledora. But what is in a name, particularly when it comes to choosing a river run suitable for the season and one's level of skill? The difficulty of each river varies with the water level, which is dependent upon run off, and in some cases dam release. The overall ratings of the following rivers are calculated at normal flow and use the international scale from I to VI. The lowest, I, is easiest, and the highest, VI, is considered unrunnable. Permits are required on most of the popular rivers. These are allocated by lottery, by a waiting list, or on a first-come, first-serve basis. If I should run these rivers in a single summer, here is a schedule that I might follow.

April 1–2 Santa Elena Canyon of the Rio Grande
This stretch of the Rio Grande forms the border between Mexico and Big Bend National Park in southwestern Texas. The beautiful canyon can be floated in comfortable weather when other parts of the nation are still snowed in. The Santa Elena has unique desert scenery, and the rapids are very easy (rated I) at normal flow. Small rafts are preferable because a rock-fall almost blocks the canyon and requires a short portage. Information: General River Rafting Information, Big Bend National Park, Texas 79834

May 20–23 The San Juan River ("the river of ghosts")
From Mexican Hat to Clay Hills Crossing, Utah, the river meanders quietly through majestic sandstone canyons whose rich red color is dazzling against the blue sky. The trip is worth it for the side canyons alone, which often contain pools of clear water and Indian ruins. There are several easy rapids ideal for beginning rafters; rated II. Information: Bureau of Land Management, San Juan Area Office, P.O. Box 7, Monticello, Utah 84535

May 27–29 The Upper Dolores
This section is located in southwestern Colorado between Cahon and Slickrock. Unlike the steep canyons of the Lower Dolores, this run takes one through expansive desert valleys, often in bloom at this time of year. The river is best known for a difficult rapid called Snaggletooth. The rapid is portaged by many rafters, but the most dangerous spot on the river is an inconspicuous rock-overhang on the right side a quarter-mile below Snaggletooth. Difficulty level IV. Information: Bureau of Land Management, Montrose District Office, 2465 S. Townsend, Montrose, Colorado 81401

June 11–12 Northgate Canyon
This little-known run on the North Platte River drops from the Colorado high country to the Wyoming plains. It offers two days of snappy, fast-moving whitewater. The rafter floats below granite cliffs or through twisting, forested canyons. The most challenging rapid, called Cowpie, is unusually long and cascades among gigantic boulders. Difficulty level IV. Put in near Route 125 a couple of miles from the Wyoming border and take out at Bennet Campground in Wyoming. Information: U.S. Forest Service, Routt National Forest, Northpark Ranger District, P.O. Box 158, Walden, Colorado 80480

June 18–21 Gates of Ledora
This is one of the classic river runs of the American West for the rafter who would follow the epic journey of John Wesley Powell from rapid to rapid and from camp to camp. The trip begins where the Green River cuts into the Uinta Mountains in northwest Colorado and continues into Utah. Rated III in difficulty, it presents a pleasant challenge. Deer and mountain goats abound on the craggy canyon walls. Information: River Ranger, Dinosaur National Monument, P.O. Box 101, Dinosaur, Colorado 81610

June 25–29 Middle Fork of the Salmon River
Running through the forested mountains of north central Idaho, this pristine, clear river is one of the finest in the United States. It presents very demanding whitewater and is rated at the difficulty level of IV. There are often hot springs to soak in after an exhausting day. One puts in at Dagger Falls and takes out at Cache Bar. Information: Middle Fork Ranger District, Challis National Forest, P.O. Box 337, Challis, Idaho 83226

July 1–5 The Main Salmon
Most rafters put in at Corn Creek, west of the town of North Fork, Idaho, and raft to one of the take-out spots before Riggins. The "river of no return" is surrounded by an immense wilderness and beautiful campsites. The only thing that distracts from the experience is an occasional jet boat. Difficulty level, III. Information: North Fork Ranger District, Salmon National Forest, North Fork, Idaho 83466

July 9–13 The Selway
The Selway is a jewel among rivers, unbelievably clear and unspoiled. It is located in the Selway-Bitteroot wilderness

PHOTO BY PETER SKAFTE

in northern Idaho and runs through an environment where bear, bighorn sheep, and rattlesnakes are common. When a raft party puts in at Paradise Campground, they ought first to consider their mortality, for the next forty-nine miles have very difficult whitewater, particularly when the water is high and the weather is bad. Difficulty V at most water levels. Information: West Fork Ranger Station, Darby, Montana 59829

July 23–24 Westwater Canyon
This section of the Colorado River begins a few miles west of the Colorado-Utah border at Westwater Ranch and ends seventeen miles later at Rose Ranch near Cisco, Utah. It is a perfect weekend river trip. The rapids Funnel and Skull create a good deal of excitement. The canyon has a wild grandeur, winding through black crystalline rock formations with towering sandstone walls overhead. The river is rated III. Information: Bureau of Land Management, P.O. Box 1327, Monticello, Utah 84535

August 1–8 Grand Canyon
This is a real expedition, and there are more beautiful places in the Grand Canyon than any single person could explore in a lifetime. Rafters put in at Lee's Ferry in Arizona and take out at Diamond Creek or Lake Mead. The length of the trip (up to twenty-five days) makes it necessary to have compatible people, good equipment, and precise planning. The Grand Canyon has some of the biggest whitewater in the West, but there are few dangerous rock gardens or narrow squeezes to negotiate. Difficulty IV. Information: River Unit, Grand Canyon National Park, Box 129, Grand Canyon, Arizona 86023

Wyoming
Wyoming is what America was . . . friendly, uncrowded and still pretty much like the Mountain Men found it. Here the golden tones of Yellowstone Park contrast with the pastel shades of the high deserts, and the skyline etching of the Grand Teton Mountains blends with the softer outline of rolling grassland prairies. This summer discover the real Mountain West in the first state in outdoor America. . .
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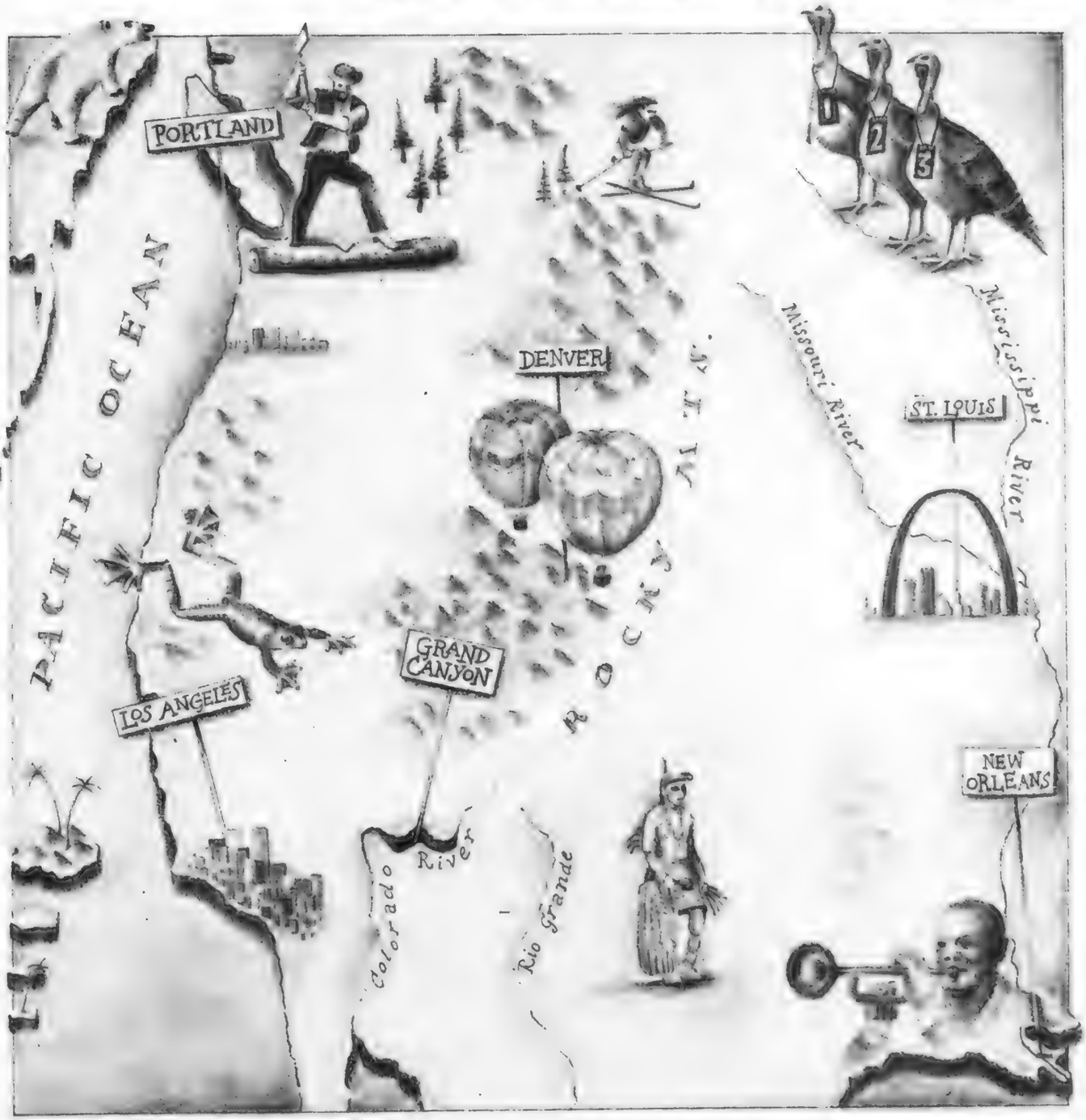
American West

TRAVEL CALENDAR

March through August 1984



No place is more exciting than the American West, and nowhere can the traveler and tourist find more ways to share in the excitement. Round-the-year, the people of the West celebrate their past and present with old-time fiddle contests, Indian feasts, historical dramas, and scores of other richly colorful get-togethers– all of them happy and memorable occasions. For our readers who plan to travel in the West– or are just thinking about it– or who may now be stirred to do so– we have assembled from small towns and large a calendar of such events for the next six months. It's a unique list, gathered from every part of the West and including many little-known, though unusual and joyous, happenings, often off the main highways and well-beaten tracks. Look for a Travel Calendar similar to this one in AMERICAN WEST every spring and fall. The next one will appear in our September/ October issue.

ALASKA

March

16–18: Sourdough Ski Cup Pro-Am Race in Juneau. (907) 586-3300 or 586-6464.

16–18: American Open Dog Sled Championship in Fairbanks. (907) 465-2010.

April

14–15: Ski to Sea Relay in Juneau. (907) 586-3300 or 586-6464.

May

Last week–first week in June: King Salmon Derby in Haines. (907) 766-2202.

June

First 3 weeks: Sitka Summer Music Festival. Classical soloists perform in an indoor setting that overlooks Sitka's mountains and ocean. (907) 747-6774.

1–mid-September: Alaska Salmon Bake at Pioneer Historic State Park in Fairbanks. (907) 452-7274.

8–10: Airshow '84 in Palmer. First fully professional aerobatic airshow held in Alaska, with aerobatics, wing-walking, and more. (907) 376-4416.

Through August: Port Chilkoot Potlatch. Fresh salmon fillets are prepared daily over aldewood fire. In Haines. (907) 766-2000.

30–July 1: All Alaska Logging Championship in Sitka. Seventeen events with world championships in Hooktender's Race and Team Splicing. (907) 747-2225.

July

23–August 3: Fairbanks Summer Arts Festival. Workshops, classes that feature 31 artists/teachers-in-residence. Write to: Fairbanks Summer Arts Festival, Jo Schott's Center, Box 80845-DT, Fairbanks 99708.

August

3–4, 8–11, 15–18: Cry of the Wild Ram in Kodiak. An outdoor historical drama depicting the Russian quest for furs and the colonization of Russian America. (907) 486-5557.

ARIZONA

March

10 & 14–18: Rodeo of Rodeos and Parade in Phoenix. (602) 264-4808.

15–24: Shakespeare Festival in Scottsdale. (602) 994-2301.

16–18: Stock Dog Classic in Tucson. Working dog trials sponsored by the Southern Arizona International Livestock Association. (602) 792-1060.

April

28–29: Logging Festival in Flagstaff. Loggers from all over compete in various events from hatchet-throwing to tree-climbing. (602) 774-4505.

May

26–28: Wyatt Earp Days in Tombstone. (602) 457-2211.

June

11–17: Western Week in Flagstaff. The week ends with the Pine Country Rodeo from the 15th through the 17th. (602) 774-4505.

23–24: 3rd Annual Renaissance Festival in Bisbee. A Medieval celebration of the solstice with jousting tournaments, street dancing, food, and more. (602) 432-2141.

July

3–8: Frontier Days in Prescott. (602) 445-2000.

13–15: Junior Rodeo in Payson. (602) 474-4515.

August

3–5: Cowpunchers Reunion & Old Timer's Rodeo in Williams. (602) 635-2041.

11–12: Old Time Fiddler's Contest in Globe. (602) 425-2087.

ARKANSAS

March

9–11: Jonquil Festival at Old Washington Historic State Park. Arts and crafts, antique cars & engines, Union soldier encampment and Bowie Knife making are some featured events. (501) 983-2684.

April

12–14: Ozark Open Fiddle Contest in Eureka Springs. (501) 253-8737.

20–22: 22nd Annual Arkansas Folk Festival & 22nd Annual Ozark Foothills Craft Guild Show & Sale. Both in Mountain View. Special events for each day of the Folk Festival and a craft and folklife show with music, dance, and demonstrations of traditional and contemporary crafts. Folk Festival: (501) 269-3851. Craft Guild: 269-3896.

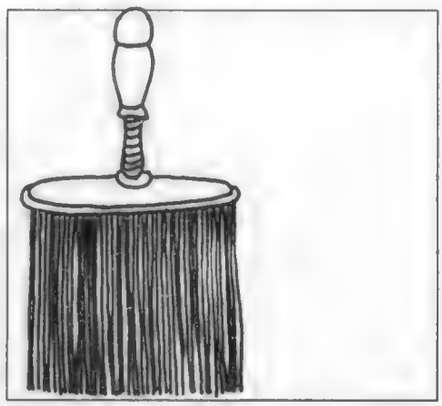
May

4–6: Back-In-The-Hills Antique Show & Folklife Fair in War Eagle Mills Farm. The 22nd year of a folklife fair with heritage crafts and other presentations of past culture. (501) 789-5398.

11–12: Grandpa Jones Frailing Banjo Workshop & Contest at the Ozark Folk Center in Mountain View. (501) 269-3851.

19: 36th Annual Mount Nebo Chicken Fry in Dardanelle. Wood-chopping & sawing contests, turtle races, political speakers, a chicken dinner, and more. (501) 229-3328.

25–26: Old Fort Days Barrel Futurity and Derby at Fort Smith. Open to foals registered in the AQUA. (501) 783-6118.



June

9–10: Annual Pink Tomato Festival in Warren. Including an ugly dog contest, arm wrestling, arts and crafts, and carnivals. (501) 226-5225.

21–24: Mid-America Old-Time Auto Fair and Swap Meet at the Museum of Automobiles. Petit Jean Mountain is covered with vintage automobiles. Over 150 autos compete in contests with 600 spaces set aside for vendors to sell and trade rare auto parts. In Morrilton. (501) 727-5427.

Mid-June: Calico Rock International Rodeo Association Rodeo. One of the largest IRA sanctioned rodeos. (501) 297-3770.

July

25–29: Riverboat Days & State Catfish Cooking Contest in Newport. Arts and crafts, turtle racing, and more. (501) 523-3618.

August

2–4: Annual White River Water Carnival and Beauty Pageant in Batesville. The 41st year of this riverfront carnival features art shows and musicals. (501) 793-2378.

Late August: 5th Annual Arkansas Championship Grape Stomp and Wine Fest in Paris. Blessing the new wine, grape stomping, and wine tasting. (501) 963-3990.

CALIFORNIA

March

2–11: Snowfest 1984 in Tahoe City, King's Beach, Truckee, and North Tahoe ski areas. A winter carnival with events that include ski races and beer-drinking contests. Also in Lake Tahoe, March 4–17, the Annual Art Linkletter Family Ski Challenge. Snowfest: (916) 583-2371. Ski Challenge: (916) 583-4232.

17–18 & 24–25: Second Annual Mendocino Coast Whale Festival in Fort Bragg, Mendocino. A Miss Whale contest and clam chowder cook-off are part of this festival. (707) 964-3153.

24–25: American Border Collie International Trial held at the State Fair Grounds in Sacramento. (916) 294-2027.

April

21–22: Red Bluff Round-Up Rodeo. Second largest rodeo in the country. (916) 527-4424.

May

4–6: Snyders Annual Valley Springs Pow-Wow. A working cattle ranch hosts this family celebration. (209) 754-1821.

5–6: Fireman's Muster. Competition of antique hand pumpers creates a wet weekend in Columbia. (209) 532-4301.

10–12: Red Bluff Arabian Horse Show. Arabian owners show their horses in various classes from costume to sidesaddle, to stock and cutting. (916) 527-2225.

17–20: Jumping Frog Jubilee and Calaveras County Fair. Choose between fair exhibits and the frog jumping contests. In Angels Camp. (209) 754-1821.

25–28: Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee. World's Largest. Bands from everywhere play anywhere they can find space in Sacramento. (916) 372-5277.

June

5: Miner's Picnic in Grass Valley. A traditional Cornish miner's picnic with everything Cornish including a mucking contest, drilling demonstration, and panning. (916) 273-4667.

July

7–8: Sacramento Water Festival 1984. Formula I Grand Prix boat races, precision sport parachuting, a media kayak race, jet ski invitational. Watch daredevils and those who like to go fast play for a weekend. (916) 442-5542.

August

5–19: The Glenlivet Scotch Pacific Coast Open Polo Tournament in Santa Barbara for the Western U.S. Championship. (805) 684-5819 or 684-6683.

10–12: World Disc Championship VII. A world-class Frisbee competition in Santa Cruz. (408) 462-5293.

31–September 3: Paul Bunyan Days at Fort Bragg. Logging competition, gem-o-rama, and more. (707) 964-3153.

COLORADO

March

4–6: Breckenridge Telemark returns with telemark races, costumes, and parades. (303) 453-2368.

April

28–30: International Speed Skiing Championships at Keystone Arapahoe Basin in Dillon. (303) 468-4170.

June

First weekend–end of July: Old West Theater Days in Steamboat Springs. "Shoot 'em up" plays. (303) 879-0704.

Second Saturday: Adult Soapbox Derby in Central City and Soapbox Derby in Granby. (303) 887-2311.

Third Saturday: Huck Finn Day in Manitou Springs. (303) 685-5089.

Fourth Saturday–beginning July: National Sports Festival VI with over 2,500 athletes competing in Colorado Springs. (303) 635-5089.

July

End of first week–mid-August: Shakespeare Festival in Boulder. (303) 447-0511.

Second weekend: 9th Invitational Hot Air Balloon Race in Snowmass with an arts and crafts fair. (303) 923-2000.

Mid-July: Bicycle Races: the 10-day Coors Classic International Bike Race in Boulder. (303) 447-0511. Coors International Bicycle Classic and the 11th Mountain Division 5K & 10K Run in Vail. (303) 476-1000. Coors International Bicycle Race in Aspen/Snowmass. There will also be a bicycle show and clinic in Snowmass. Aspen: (303) 925-1940. Snowmass: (303) 923-2000.

Third weekend: Balloon Rodeo with a liar's contest and art show in Steamboat Springs. (303) 879-0740.

August

First weekend: Colorado Gold Panning Championships in Manitou Springs. (303) 685-5089.

Second week: Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo in Colorado Springs. (303) 635-1551.

Third Sunday: Annual Turtle Races at Grand Lake. (303) 627-3402.

HAWAII

Hawaii Visitors Bureau (808) 523-1811.

March

17: 4th Annual Carole Kai Bed Race Country Time Concert in Waikiki. With top Hawaiian entertainers.

April

17–May 1: 13th Annual Hawaiian Festival of Music in Honolulu. Music groups from the mainland and Hawaii compete, playing all types of music. Also June 19 through 26.

June

8–11: King Kamehameha Celebrations. A state holiday on June 11 with many events on the islands. 9: Oahu Island has a parade and street party (a Ho'olaule'a). 9–11: Hawaii Island has parades, canoe races, and Ho'olaule'a in the cities. 9: Maui Island and Kauiai Island have parades, Ho'olaule'a, arts, and crafts. 11: Annual Kamehameha Day Kukini Run in Maui. A race that incorporates concepts and rituals of ancient Hawaiian runners.

July

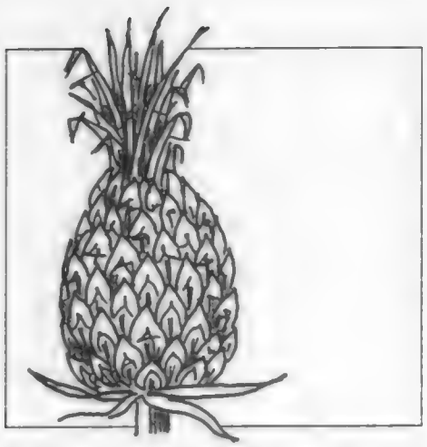
Third Monday: Puna Culturai Festival at Kamoamoa Par in Ouna, Hawaii. Hawaiian arts, crafts, dances, and music.

Third Saturday: Prince Lot Hula Festival in Honolulu. Performance of authentic ancient hula performed by some of the finest hula schools.

Last weekend: Annual Honomu Village Fair on the Island of Hawaii. A 46-mile Volcano to Honomu relay race with 25 teams competing. Also parade, food, arts and crafts, mountainball and volley ball tournaments.

August

Middle 10 days: 7th Annual Macadamia Nut



Harvest Festival in Honokaa, Hawaii. A golf tournament, cross-country run, horse race, and ethnic foods help to celebrate the harvest of the macadamia.

IDAHO

March

Last week: Idaho State Champion Cutter and Chariot Races in Pocatello. (208) 233-1525.

May

Last weekend: Crazy Days in Post Falls. Giant tricycle races, white water kayak and raft races, helicopter ping pong drop, and more. (208) 773-4591.

June

First week: Black Powder Shoot and Trapper Rendezvous at Massacre Rocks. (208) 334-2470.

Mid-June: Whitewater Rodeo in Stanley. Including a kayak slalom, hot dog contest, and downriver event. Box 45, Stanley, 83278.

Third Sunday and week following: National Old Time Fiddlers Contest in Weiser. A national fiddle competition. (208) 549-0452.

Late June: Nez Perce Talmaks in Craigmont. An Indian Celebration. (208) 924-5567.

July

4: Old West Days. A three-day event with a rodeo. Also Bear River Rendezvous—a three-day event with knife and tomahawk competitions, cannon shoot, and more. In Soda Springs. (208) 547-3331 or 547-3570.

Mid-July: Chief Joseph Memorial in Lapwai. A four-nation Indian Pow Wow. (208) 843-2253.

Last week: Annual Mountain Man Rendezvous in Lava Hot Springs. (208) 776-5210.

August

First weekend: International Air Fair in Jerome and Magic Valley Appaloosa Show and Sale, also in Jerome. Appaloosas on display plus Nez Perce Indian games. (208) 324-2711.

Mid-August: Shoshone-Bannock Indian Festival and Rodeo at Fort Hall. Dances, buffalo feast, arts and crafts, and an Indian dance competition that draws dancers from across the U.S. (800) 635-7820 or (208) 334-2470.

IOWA

March

Weekend closest to St. Patrick's Day: St. Patrick's Day Celebration. Emmetsburg is the sister city to Dublin, and on St. Patrick's Day, dignitaries from Dublin come to Emmetsburg to celebrate. (712) 852-4326 or 852-2283.

May

Second weekend: Houby Days in Cedar Rapids. Czech fine arts, folk arts, music and dancing, mushroom hunts, and mushroom eating are part of the Czech people's heritage which is celebrated here. (319) 366-7348.

Memorial weekend: Cherokee Rodeo. The largest rodeo in northwest Iowa, in Cherokee. (712) 225-6414.

28–29: North Iowa Band Festival in Mason City. In the hometown of Meredith Wilson of "Music Man" fame, 50 high school bands converge for a competition. (515) 423-5724.

June

First weekend: "Golden Age" Radio Reunion Festival in Atlantic. Music and memories from Midwest radio stars of the '20s to the '50s. Jam sessions, barber shop quartets, big band music, and dancing. (712) 366-1983.

First Saturday after Memorial Day: Folk Arts in the Forest in Osceola. Local crafts people demonstrate skills from the past, also rural music, displays, antiques, old machinery and a muzzle-loading gun shoot. (515) 342-3960.

Second weekend: International Folk Festival in Bettendorf. Twenty different nationalities display their native costumes, crafts, foods and entertainment. (319) 355-4753.

Third weekend: Scandinavian Dager Celebration in Eagle Grove. A heritage festival featuring an air show and one of the largest hobby craft demonstrations in the state. (515) 448-4821.

July

3–4: Railroad Heritage Days in Creston. The steam engine and the railroad in all their romance and glory are recreated in this 4th of July celebration. (515) 782-7021.

August

First week: National Hobo Convention in Britt. Hobos converge on Britt for this convention. A King and Queen are chosen and more than 500 gallons of Mulligan stew are served. (515) 843-3867. National Hot Air Balloon Championships in Indianola. Hundreds participate in this national event. (319) 382-3990.

Second week: Iowa Championship Rodeo in Sidney. One of the top 10 rodeos and the largest outdoor rodeo in the nation. (712) 374-2695.

Second Thursday through Sunday: Mesquakie Indian Pow Wow in Tama. Arts and crafts, costumes and tribal dances. (515) 484-4678.

KANSAS

March

6: International Pancake Race in Liberal. Women in Liberal race "long distance" with women from Olrey, England. (316) 624-4844.

Third Friday: Riverboat Ragtime Review in Phillisburg. (913) 543-5183.

April

1–30: April Fishing Contest in Norton. A month-long contest with prizes given at the end. (913) 877-5168.

5–7: Antique Telephone Collectors Association Show. Collectors from across the country display their telephones in Abilene. (913) 263-7153.

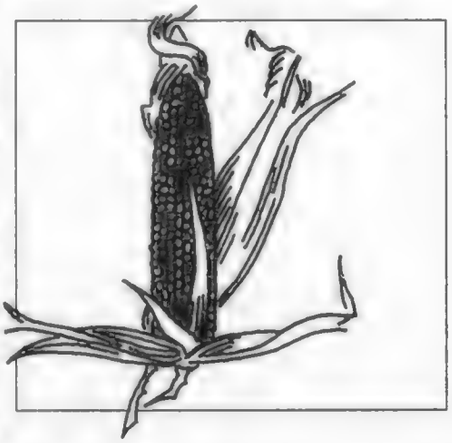
6–7: Southwest Kansas Squaredance Festival in Dodge City. (316) 227-3119.

27–29: Fort Hays State Rodeo. (913) 628-4366. In Hays. Also Wichita Jazz Festival. Including competitions, workshops, and a jazz concert. (316) 683-2284.

May

11–20: Wichita River Festival. Ten days of parade, bathtub, and bike races; hot air balloons, socials, and music. One of the "Top 100" events in America. (316) 264-6563.

Last weekend: 5th Annual Arts & Crafts Fair in Dodge City. Over 50 exhibitors, a reenactment of an 1870's buffalo hunting camp, and continuous historical entertainment. (316) 227-8188.



June

First weekend: 18th Annual Butterfield Trail Ride and Trail Riders Rodeo in Russell Springs. (913) 751-4495.

July

Fourth weekend: 7th Annual International Aerobatics Contest in Ottawa. An airplane acrobatic competition. (913) 242-5310.

27–August 4: Dodge City Days. Rodeo, parades, carnivals, car & motorcycle races, street dance, arts, and crafts.

August

Second Saturday: Buffalo Bill Cody Celebration. Balloon and canoe races in Leavenworth. (913) 651-3829 or 682-3303.

Third weekend: Tall Corn Festival in Rossville. Tug of war, greased pig contest, dance, parade, and the infamous milk jug raft race down the Kansas River. (913) 584-6722.

LOUISIANA

March

6: Mardi Gras in New Orleans. There are parades for 10 days prior to the Mardi Gras. For parade schedule: (504) 522-8772; 586-4372 for general information.

Second weekend: Stripper Tournament in Anacoco. (318) 286-5565.

April

24–27: Nitram Blue Grass Festival near Pitkin. Contact Lap Porte, Texas (713) 471-1926.

27–May 6: New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. (504) 522-4786.

28–29: River City Blues Festival in Baton Rouge. (504) 344-8558.

28: French Acadian Music Festival in Abbeville. (318) 693-7355.

May

3–6: LSU Spring All-Arabian Horse Show in Baton Rouge. (504) 383-1404.

18–20: Cajun Country Outdoor Opry & Fais Do-Do in Houma. (504) 872-0297.

25–27: Five Lakes Blue Grass Festival in Bush. (504) 732-4288 or (601) 772-9079 in Poplarville, Missouri.

June

24: World's Champion Pirogue (a canoe-like boat) Races in Marrero. (504) 347-1846.

July

13–15: Natchitoches Folk Life Festival. (318) 357-4332.

20–22: Louisiana Oyster Festival in Galliano. (504) 632-2224 or 632-5000.

26–28: Grand Island International Tarpon Rodeo in New Orleans. (504) 525-6525.

August

Third weekend: Float Races in Pearl River. (504) 863-7973.

MINNESOTA

March

3–4: Minnesota Finlandia Ski Marathon in Bemidji. The longest and only two-day cross country ski event in the Great American Ski Chase. (218) 751-0041 or 751-0918.

May

1: Northland Antique Toy Show in St. Paul. One of the top 10 antique toy shows with over 75 dealers in rare and unusual toys. (612) 831-5844 or 774-4214.

Third Sunday: Sheep Shearing in New Ulm. A folk demonstration of sheep shearing using old-time tools and methods; also demonstrations of how cloth was made. (507) 359-9729 or 359-9808.

Last weekend: Eagle Creek Rendezvous in Shakopee. Participants wear pre-1865 costumes in this reenactment of the annual gathering of traders in the north country. Tomahawk throwing, black-powder shooting, and families living out of teepees are part of this event. (612) 445-6900.

June

Mid-June–Mid-August: Turtle Races in Nisswa. 19th year of turtle races every Wednesday. Turtles to rent or buy are available for visitors. (218) 963-2521 or 963-2620.

Third weekend: 7th Annual International Polka Festival in Hill City. Fifty bands will be playing; all-star wrestling, tug of war, and more. (218) 697-2324.

July

Second Saturday: Minnesota Sit 'N' Spit Club International Marble Tournament. (507) 625-4531 or 625-3347.

Mid-July: 30th Annual PRCA Rodeo in Buffalo including the Miss Minnesota Rodeo Pageant. (612) 682-2131 or 682-2181.

Third week: 45th Annual Minneapolis Aquatennial "Mexico/Magnifico." There are over 250 art and sporting events of all kinds in this civic celebration in Minneapolis. (612) 377-4621.

August

First weekend: Tall Timber Days in Grand Rapids. Lumberjack and Jill contests of the world class variety. (218) 326-6619.

Second week: The Great Turkey Trot in Pelican Rapids. Who is the fastest turkey? Find out at these timed trials. (218) 863-7076.

Fourth Sunday: 11th Annual Doll Show in Mankato. Dolls and doll related items are on display. (507) 387-2469.

MISSOURI

March

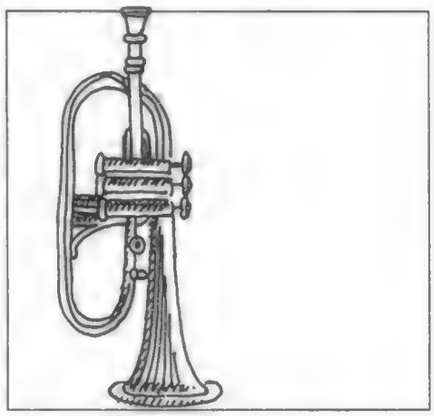
Second weekend: State Wild Turkey Calling & Owl Hooting Championships in Hannibal. (314) 221-2477.

Late March: Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City. Concerts, workshops, and competitions. (816) 221-5242.

May

Early May: Story-Telling Festival in St. Louis. Audiences participate in the 5th annual celebration of the old art of storytelling. (314) 421-1023.

18–20: Family Bluegrass Music Weekend at Pomme de Terre State Park, Hermitage. Well-known bluegrass bands from the Midwest gather for a family-oriented weekend. (314) 751-2479.



June

9–17: Mountain Folks' Music Festival in Silver Dollar City. Over 100 nonprofessional Ozark musicians perform traditional mountain music in this heritage park. (417) 338-2611.

Mid-June: National Ragtime & Traditional Jazz Festival in St. Louis. Prominent Dixieland and ragtime bands perform on the historic Goldenrod Showboat. (314) 421-1023.

15–17: Hillbilly Days at Bennett Spring Park in Lebanon. Arts and crafts, greased pig chase, and antique weapons display are part of this hill-country festival. (314) 751-2479.

29–July 4: National Tom Sawyer Days in Hannibal. In honor of Mark Twain—frog-jumping contests, fence-painting competitions (with competitors from 10 states), raft racing, and more. (314) 221-2477.

August

Second week: 123rd Anniversary of Battle of Wilson's Creek in Springfield. A Civil War reenactment. (417) 732-2662.

9–12: Bootheel Rodeo in Sikeston. The largest rodeo in the state with simultaneous events. (314) 471-2498.

MONTANA

Travel Bureau (406) 444-2654

April

Last 2 days: Western Heritage Days in Miles City.

May

First weekend: State Music Festival in Missoula.

Mid-May: Polo Tournament in Lewistown.

Third weekend: Whitewater Races in

Bigfork.
End of 4th week: May Street Spectacular in Missoula.

June
First Friday: Bluegrass Jamboree in Great Falls.
First Sunday & Monday: Conrad Whoop-Up Days Rodeo. In Conrad.
First Sunday: World's Largest Garage Sale in Great Falls.
Second weekend: U.S. Fiddler's Contest in Dillon.
Third Sunday & Monday: Big Sky Logger Championships in Kalispell.

July
Mid-July: Jackson Old Timers Day in Dillon.
Third Tuesday: Shakespeare in the Park in Circle.

August
First Sunday: Pet & Doll Parade in Great Falls.
Mid-August: Summer Art Festival in Missoula.

NEBRASKA

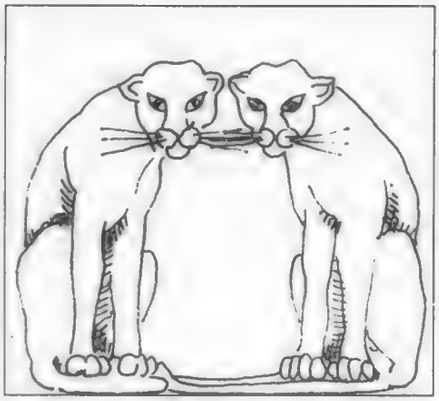
April
1–30: Thoroughbred Horse Racing at Grand Island. (308) 382-9210.
Third or fourth weekend: Gopher Smokers Spring Shoot in Lexington. (308) 324-5504.

May
Third weekend: Balloon Festival in McCook. (308) 345-3200.

June
Second Friday–Sunday: Nebraska State Country Music Championship Contest in Springfield. Out of state: (800) 228-4307. In state: (800) 742-7595.
Fourth Friday–Sunday: Summer Arts Festival in Omaha. (402) 444-4666.
Fourth Friday–first weekend in September: Rough Riders Rodeo in North Platte. (308) 532-4966.

July
Second weekend: Fur Trade Days & Little Britches Rodeo in Chadron. (308) 432-4401.
Last weekend: Old Fiddlers Contest on Saturday & Old Settlers Picnic & Jamboree on Sunday in Crawford. Out of state: (800) 228-4307. In state: (800) 742-7593.

August
First Saturday: Sailboat Regatta in Valentine. (402) 376-1880.
Second Sunday–Monday: Great Plains National Tractor Pull in Hildreth. Out of state: (800) 228-4307. In state: (800) 742-7593.
Last 2 days: Men's Class A District Slow Pitch Tournament in Kearney. (308) 237-3101.



NEW MEXICO

March
9–12: Rock Hound Round-Up in Deming. The 8th annual round-up attracts more than 500 participants from 41 states. Guided field trips to search for rock treasures plus auctions and judging seminars. (505) 546-2674.

May
1: San Felipe Feast Day. A corn dance with hundreds of dancers. (505) 867-3381. (Corn dances will be performed at various Pueblos throughout the summer. Contact tribal offices for information.)
13: White Water Races at Pilar. Fourteen miles of white water are challenged by canoe, kayak, and raft experts. Information: James Fretwell, 758 47th Street, Los Alamos 87544.

June
22–24: Arts and Crafts Fair in Albuquerque. The 33rd annual celebration of the largest crafts show in New Mexico with over 200 artisans. Everything from calligraphy and jewelry to painting and woodworking. (505) 884-9043.
30–August 25: The Santa Fe Opera. The nationally famous summer opera festival. (505) 982-3851.

July
1–4: Ceremonials in Mescalero. The Mescalero Apache Maidens annual Puberty Rites, Mountain Spirit Dance, and an all-Indian rodeo. (505) 671-4495.
21–22: Northern Pueblo Arts and Crafts Summer Show at Ildefonso Pueblo. The 12th year with many tribes participating. (505) 852-4283.

August
3–5: 16th Annual Old Lincoln Days in Lincoln. A 41-mile pony express mail run is one of the highlights of the 103rd anniversary of Billy the Kid's death. With parade, arts and crafts, events depicting the Lincoln County War. Pageant and Festivals Corp., Box 92, Lincoln 88338.
9–12: Intertribal Ceremonial in Gallup. The 63rd year for a major Indian Festival. More than 50 tribes participate in dances, rodeos. (505) 863-3896.
25–26: Deming's 5th Annual Great American Duck Race. Nearly 500 ducks compete for the title of World's Fastest Duck. This duck will also become the world's richest duck. There is a costumed Duck Ball for humans only and a Best-Dressed Duck contest. (505) 546-2674.

NORTH DAKOTA

Travel Board (701) 224-2525

March
1–11: North Dakota Winter Show in Valley City. An indoor fair and rodeo.

May
Last 3 days of first week: Tough Man Contest in West Fargo.
Third weekend: All Pro Rodeo in West Fargo.
Last Sunday: Country Western Jamboree in Fargo.

June
First Thursday–Sunday: Washburn's Riverboat Days with canoe races, buffalo barbecue, and carnival.
Second Friday–Saturday: Old Time Fiddlers Contest in Dunseith, featuring contestants from all over the U.S. and Canada. At the International Peace Garden. (701) 263-4390.
Third Thursday–Sunday: Festival of Ethnic Musical Traditions in North Dakota. At Grand Forks.
Late June–beginning of July: Ft. Seward Wagon Train. Starting in Jamestown and following a historical route. (701) 252-4830.

July
Fourth weekend: Black Powder Shoot and Four-Eyes Photo Contest in Medora.
Last 2 days: North Dakota Prison Rodeo in Bismarck at the State Pen. (701) 224-2980.
Mid-July: Governor's Cup Walleye Fishing Tournament at Lake Sakakawea in Garrison. (701) 463-2201.

August
Third weekend: Magic in the Air at Trollwood Park in Fargo. Also the 4th Annual Hot Air Balloon Rally at the Park.
Third weekend: Pioneer Review Days at Bonanzaville, U.S.A. in West Fargo. A restored Pioneer Village that lives for one weekend a year. (701) 237-5678.

OKLAHOMA

April
14–15: Annual Waurika Rattlesnake Hunt. A guided hunt plus a carnival and the sale of the skin, meat, and rattles of the snake. (405) 228-2802. There is also a rattlesnake hunt in

Mangum, April 27–29. (405) 782-2444.
18–21: Cimarron Territory Celebration in Beaver. The World Champion Cow Chip Throwing Contest is one of the attractions of this homesteader festival. (405) 625-4726.

May
Mid-May: Canton Lake Walleye Rodeo—A fish rodeo. Anglers attempt to hook tagged fish. (405) 227-4511 in Fairview or 886-2523 in Canton.

June
9–August 18: "Trail of Tears." The acclaimed drama about the Cherokee people and their beginning a new life after having been forced far from their native lands. (918) 456-6007 in Tahlequah.
14–16: Will Rogers Annual Rodeo and Parade held on the rodeo grounds near Rogers's hometown of Claremore. (918) 341-2818.
16–17: Ben Johnson Memorial Day Steer Roping in Pawhuska. An invitational meet for the country's best ropers. (918) 287-1208.
29–30: Kiamichi Owo Chito Festival of the Forest in Broken Bow/Idabel. Choctaw for "Happy Hunting Party." Native American foods and ceremonies, as well as lumbermen's contests help to celebrate the Choctaw Indian culture and heritage. (405) 584-3393 in Broken Bow or 286-3305 in Idabel.

July
14: International Brick and Rolling Pin Event. 25th annual invitational festival that begins with a three-day brick, barbed wire, and dated nail collectors convention. In Stroud. (918) 287-1208.
27–29: Oklahoma Steam Threshers Association Show in Pawnee. More than 30 steam-powered tractors and engines are shown and demonstrated. Tractors will have slow races and other competitions on a turn-of-the-century farm. (918) 762-2716.
Late July: All Night Singing Under the Stars in Holdenville. Gospel quartets serenade from evening until early morning. (405) 379-6675.

August
Mid-August: American Indian Exposition in Anadarko. One of the largest gatherings of Indians in the U.S. Ceremonial dances and contests, pageants, and more. (405) 247-6651.
31–September 2: Oklahoma State Prison Rodeo. All the usual rodeo events plus a few different ones, such as retrieving a purse of money from the horns of a disgruntled bull. (918) 423-4700 or 423-2550.

OREGON

May
4–5: All Northwest Barbershop Ballad Contest and Gay Nineties Festival in Forest Grove. Barbershop quartets from all over the Pacific Northwest compete. (503) 357-3006.
18–20: Rhododendron Festival in Florence. A canoe race across the Siuslaw River, an animal talent show, and a slug race are part of this celebration. (503) 997-8288.
19–20: Pacific Northwest All-Indian Rodeo in Tygh Valley. A rodeo featuring only Indian cowboys and wild horses from Warm Springs Indian Reservation. (503) 483-2238.
24–28: Rogue River Boatnik. A perilous 50-mile white-water race with a parade and carnival at Grants Pass. (503) 476-7717 or (800) 547-5927.

June
30: Rogue River Rooster Crow. Roosters from across the nation are entered in this contest. (503) 582-0242.
30–July 1: Sumpter Valley Days. A black-powder shoot, ax-throwing contest, fiddlers' contest, food, carnival, and marathon run. (503) 894-2264.

July
1–4: World Championship Timber Carnival in Albany. International competition for loggers in such events as tree-climbing, tree topping, chopping, sawing, ax-throwing, and birling (log-rolling). (503) 928-2391.
12–14: Turkey-Rama in McMinnville. In honor of Willamette Valley's turkey industry. Featuring a turkey race. (503) 472-6196.
15: Concours D'Elegance Antique Car Show in Forest Grove. A display of vintage cars. (503) 357-3006.
20–22: Great State Art Fair and Festival in Salem. The state's largest art fair. (503) 581-2228.
27–29: Chief Joseph Days in Joseph. A rodeo, parades, and a dance pageant presented by the Nez Perce Indians. (503) 432-2593 or 426-3177.

August
11–12: Threshing Bee and Draft Horse Show in Dufur. Demonstrating wheat harvesting the way it was done 50 years ago in a pioneer farming community. (503) 467-2338.
24–September 3: Oregon State Fair in Salem. (503) 378-3247.
February–October: Shakespeare in Ashland. The award-winning Shakespearean festival in an old-world setting. (503) 482-4331.

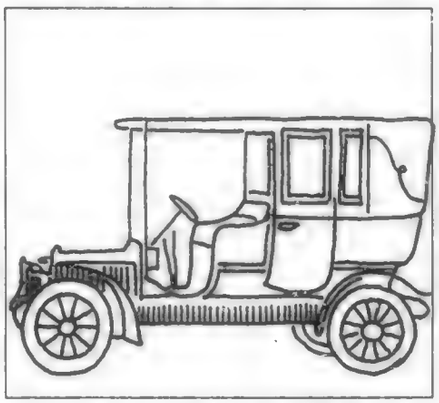
SOUTH DAKOTA

March
27: Coyote Jazz Festival in Vermillion. (605) 677-5481.

April
28: South Dakota Fiddlers' Jamboree in Lake Norden. (605) 785-3553.

May
11–12: Hawkeye Dog Trials in Beresford. (605) 253-2370.
12–13: Hot Air Balloon Race in Fort Meade. (605) 347-3811.
30–June 1: Black Hills Championship Rodeo. Plus weekends thoroughout June, July and August. (605) 343-1744.

June
5–6: Black Hills Indian Dancing in Rapid City. Also through June, July and August. (605) 343-1744.
16–17: Rough Riders Rodeo in St. Onge. (605) 578-1655.
23–25: Depression Glass Show in Rapid City. (605) 343-1744.
28–30: Auto License Plate Collector's Convention in Rapid City. (605) 343-1744.



30: Annual Quarter Horse Show in Brookings. (605) 692-6125.

July
14–15: Chili Cook Off in White. (605) 629-3601.
21–22: Jesse James Stampede Rodeo in Garretson. (605) 594-2179.
27–28: 31st Annual Square and Round Dance Fest in Rapid City. (605) 342-5105.

August
10–12: Annual Fair, Rodeo, and Pow Wow in Lower Brule; (605) 473-5561. Te-tonka-ha Muzzleloader Shoot in Oakwood Lakes-Bruce. (605) 693-4553.
17–19: Frontier Days Rodeo and Celebration in White River. (605) 259-3361.
18–20: 16th Annual Steam Threshing Bee in Sturgis. (605) 341-1405.
21–26: Sioux Empire Fair in Sioux Falls. (605) 336-3313.

TEXAS

March
14–18: Rio Grande Valley Livestock Show and Rodeo. Held for over 50 years. This is a showcase for livestock as well as being carnival time in Mercedes. (512) 565-2456.

April
8–15: Neches River Festival in Beaumont.

Everything from boat races to model-airplane shows. (409) 892-5124.
26–May 6: Buccaneer Days in Corpus Christi. Sailboat regattas, fireworks, jazz, chess, pageant, archery. (512) 882-3242.

May
5–6: Polka Festival. Music and dancing in Ennis; 20 bands and four dance halls participate. (214) 875-2625.
4–6: Historical Pilgrimage. The Old South recreated in Jefferson with a reenactment of the Diamond Bessie Murder Trial. (214) 665-2672.
25: Old Fiddlers' Reunion. Athens's 50th annual with carnival, street dances, and music throughout the day. Attendance over 50,000. (214) 675-4042.

June
24–30: Watermelon Thump. Luling holds a street carnival, auto rally, fiddler's contest, dances, tournaments and events from watermelon juggling to seed spitting. (512) 875-3214.

July
Early July: Texas Cowboy Reunion in Stamford. Since 1930 amateur rodeo performers and events keep the Old West alive. (915) 773-2411.
20–22: Black-Eyed Pea Festival. Three categories of black-eyed pea cuisine plus a weekend of carnival and festival events in Athens. (214) 675-5181.

August
Early August: Texas International Fishing Tournament in Port Isabel/South Padre Island. Hundreds compete in seven divisions of saltwater fishing. (512) 943-5571.
3–12: Aqua Festival. Water-related festivities in Austin including parades, pageants, champion boat races, night water parade, and more. (512) 472-5664.

UTAH

March
3: Park City Snow Sculpture Contest. Children and grown-ups participate in different categories creating elaborate sculptures out of snow. (801) 649-6100.

April
1: Clown Day in Park City. *Everyone* dresses as a clown for a day of skiing in Park City ski areas. (801) 649-6100.
20: Jeep Safari. Out of Moab—a 4-wheel trip into Canyonlands and the surrounding area. (801) 259-8825.

May
10: In Promontory, the anniversary of the first transcontinental railroad's completion and a reenactment of the driving in of the Golden Spike. There is also a Golden Spike Railroader's Festival in Promontory on August 11. (801) 471-2209.

June
14–16: The Golden Spike Fiddlers' Contest and Bluegrass Festival in Ogden. National fiddlers' competition. (801) 399-8288.
16: Utah Scottish Festival and Highland Games. Pipe bands, highland dancing, and athletic competitions in Salt Lake. (801) 322-4815.

July
2–4: Western Stampede at West Jordan. PRCA rodeo, carnival, 10k run, and more. (801) 561-1463.
27–August 4: Festival of the American West, Great West Fair in Logan. Pioneer arts and crafts, home tours, Indian dancing, mountainman camp, and a historical pageant. (801) 750-1143.

August
18: Discovery Day at Dinosaur National Monument. The laboratory is open; demonstrations, and a slide program. (801) 789-2115.
19: Levi's National Park City Ride and Tie. Teams of two people and a horse swap places for a relay-like race over a 30-mile course. (801) 649-6100.

WASHINGTON

March
Annual Gray Whale Migration, Westport/Ocean Shores. Seminars and cruises to watch the whales. For dates: (206) 268-0169 or 532-9020.
Last weekend: National Chukar Championships in Prosser. A hunting competition with dogs. (509) 786-2121.

May
Mid-May: Viking Fest in Poulsbo. Food and celebration of Norwegian origin. (206) 779-4848.

June
First weekend: Salty Sea Days in Everett. Parade and carnival held on the waterfront. (206) 259-0311.

July
Weekend of the 4th: Pioneer Days in Cle Elum. A muzzle-loaders competition is one of the many outdoor festivities. (509) 674-4441.
Second Saturday: The Great Canoe Race at Soap Lake. A 17-mile endurance race, paddling and portaging over a chain of five lakes in the Grand Coulee. (509) 246-1538.
Last 2 weeks and first week in August: Seafair in the Seattle area. Many communities are involved in this civic celebration. Torchlight parade in Seattle and Emerald Cup Unlimited Hydroplane Race on Lake Washington. (206) 623-7100.

August
Second weekend: Omak Stampede and Suicide Race. A professional rodeo and the famous suicide race in Omak. (509) 826-1983.
Second weekend: Logger's Jubilee and Mountain Artfair in Morton. (206) 496-5123.

WYOMING

Office of Tourism (307) 777-7777

April
7: 10th Annual Pole, Peddal and Paddle Contest in Teton Village. Skiiers, bicyclers, kayakers, and canoers race the clock to end the ski season in Jackson Hole.

May
First 2 weeks: The Only Original Buffalo Bill's Wild West in Cody.
Mid-May: Q-96 All-Girl Rodeo in Rock Springs.
26–29: 11th Annual State Championship and Old Time Fiddle Contest in Shoshoni. Top fiddlers participate.
Late May: Memorial Day Invitational Shoot Muzzle Loaders Assn.—Rendezvous in Riverton.

June
16–17: Frontier Festival at Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody. Sales and demonstrations of Western crafts, trades, and skills.
15–17: Woodchopper's Jamboree in Encampment. Wyoming's largest timber carnival with a rodeo and all kinds of lumberjack games.
Late June: All Indian Rodeo in Ethete.

July
Early July: Lander Pioneer Days. Featuring the world's oldest rodeo in its 89th consecutive year.
14: Green River Rendezvous in Pinedale. A recreation of the rendezvous of the Indians, fur trappers, and traders.
21–22: Rendezvous Hot Air Balloon Rally and Airshow in Riverton.
Mid-July: Grand Teton Music Festival in Teton Village. A six-week concert festival with chamber music, symphony presentations, guests artists and more.
20–29: Cheyenne Frontier Days. The 88th year of the world's largest outdoor rodeo.
27–29: All American Indian Days and Miss Indian Pageant in Sheridan. The culture of the American Indians is celebrated.

August
Second week: Thermopolis's Smoking Water Rendezvous. A Mountain Man rendezvous featuring muzzle-loading contests and fur-trapping stories.
21–26: Wyoming State Fair in Douglas.

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EXPLORE *Minnesota*

Photography: Les Blacklock, Dan Hummel

"The Unspoiled West"

Our 1983 Photo Contest Winners

On this and the following pages AMERICAN WEST proudly presents the winners of the first photography contest in our magazine's twenty-year history. In both contest categories—"The Land" and "The People"—the response from you, our readers, literally inundated us, showing us how fully you share our enthusiasm and love for the unspoiled West. We thank all of you who sent in entries. As we hoped they would, the submissions included many, many fine prints, celebrating the dramatic forms and beauties of our Western land, the forces of nature, and the strong, honest features of our Western people. Many photographs stood out for

their technical or aesthetic qualities. Others captured small, memorable details of the humor, grace, and dignity of everyday Western life.

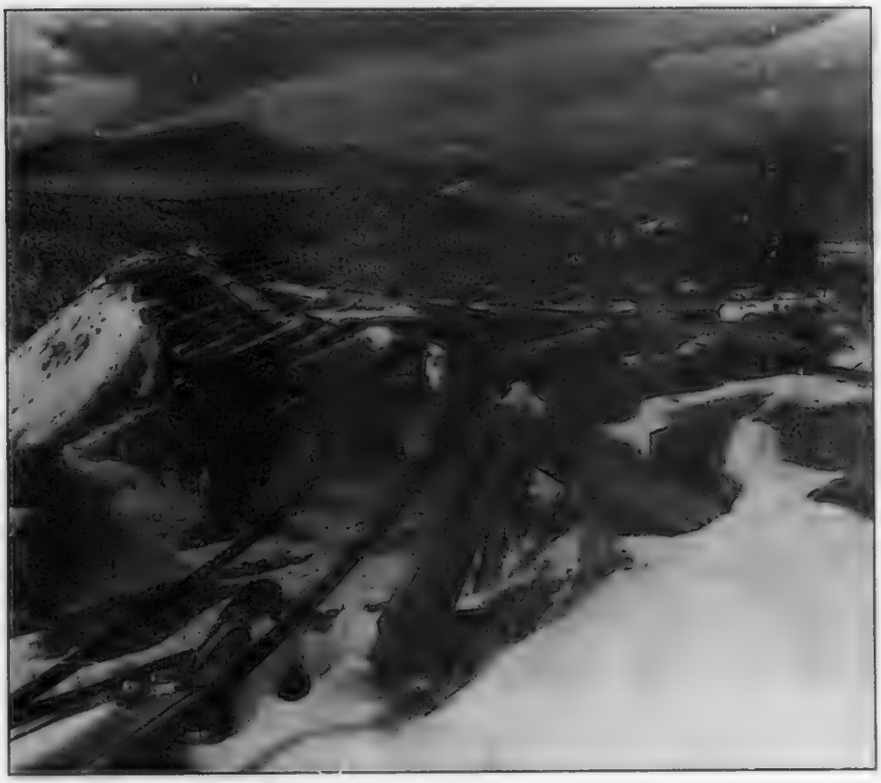
Choosing the winners among so many excellent entries was both difficult and pleasurable for our judges—AMERICAN WEST's editorial and art staffs, our visiting editor, Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., and noted photographer of the West, Jay Dusard (see our September/October 1983 issue). We congratulate the prizewinners and those receiving honorable mentions and again thank all of you who joined us in this photographic salute to our Western land and its people.

GRAND PRIZE
Wendy Shattil, Denver, Colorado
Horses graze in a hundred-year-old corral along the Goodnight-Loving Trail east of Walsenburg, Colorado. A break in the clouds after a storm created the unusual light and color in this top prize-winning photograph—no filters were used.

FIRST PRIZE– THE LAND

Miriam Weinstein,
—Nashville, Tennessee —

Monument Valley after a rain. A view from the air reveals the wondrous space, the angular cliffs of the buttes, and rows of tenuous-looking sandstone spires that have stood through ages. These dramatic forms on the desert sea have long inspired native Navajos in the Utah-Arizona border area as well as European johnny-come-latelies.



SECOND PRIZE– THE LAND

Louis F. DeSerio, Mesa, Arizona

Wooden ties and metal track in an abandoned land have suffered under the extremes of nature's moods in Rochester, Nevada. An orange filter was used to heighten contrast.

FIRST PRIZE– THE PEOPLE

David Langford, San Antonio, Texas

Levi Howell, on the Y.O. Ranch in Mount Home, Texas, poses with an elegant friend. Rays of the late afternoon sun reflect a healthy sheen on the horse's coat and sculpt the drape of cloth and leather.

SECOND PRIZE– THE PEOPLE

Louis F. DeSerio, Mesa, Arizona

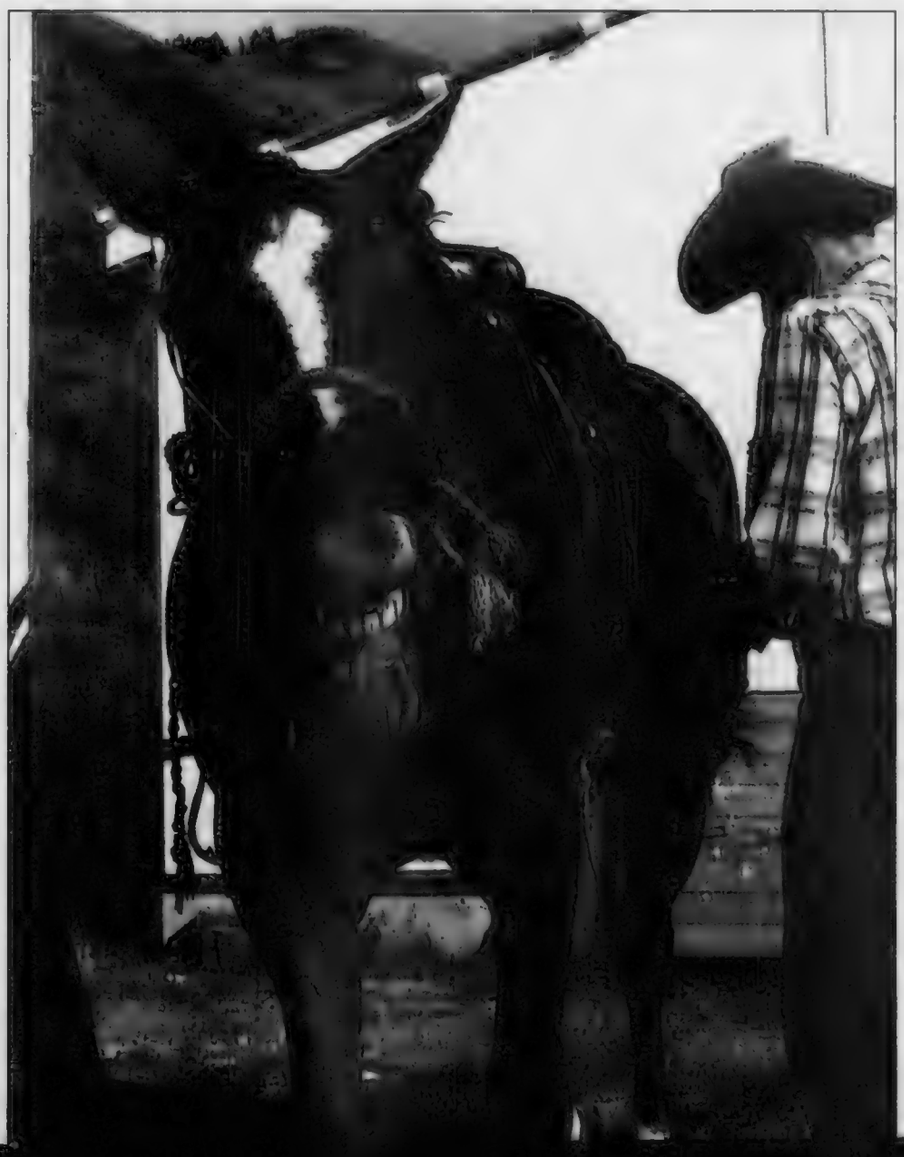
Beside an ornate hat stand, with its distinctive trappings, Eva Kau sits quietly for her picture in the Fremont House of Prescott, Arizona. This photo was taken with a tripod and reflected light.

(Above) *Honorable Mention: David Langford, San Antonio, Texas. With intent determination Cory Timberlake climbs onto his horse at the Y. O. Ranch in Mount Home, Texas.*

(Top left) *Honorable Mention: Nancy Fortunato, Palatine, Illinois. This charming photograph was submitted in its own special category — "Friends."*
(Top right) *Honorable Mention: Melinda Berge, Aspen, Colorado. An eerie light and odd perspective dramatize this wagon-train encampment south of Colorado City, Arizona.*

(Above) *Honorable Mention: Phil Bourns, St. Paul, Minnesota. Heavy shadows form a striking pattern at Gamble Canyon Ranch, Nevada. The photo was taken with an orange filter.*

(Left) *Honorable Mention: Laurette Alexander, Taos, New Mexico. Dynamic action is captured here on infrared film, as horse and rider charge forward at the 1982 Taos rodeo.*



(Above) *Honorable Mention: Ivan Ahlgren, Hamilton, Montana. Grown cowboys are soft touches for baby bunnies.*

(Left) *Honorable Mention: Stormy Burns, Berkeley, California. In this snapshot, titled "Cinch Too Tight," our equine friend from Star Valley, Wyoming, enjoys a good horse laugh.*

The Beat of the Drum and the Whoop of the Dance

Reviewed by George Schriever

OLD TRIBAL CHANTS BY JOSEPH HENRY SHARP

PHOTO COURTESY FENN GALLERY, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

The Beat of the Drum and the Whoop of the Dance: A Study of the Life and Work of Joseph Henry Sharp *by Forrest Fenn (Fenn Publishing, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1983; 360 pp., illus., index, append., $85.00).*

Fenn Publishing Company of Santa Fe has added another to its impressive list of books on American Western Art. A biography of the artist Joseph Henry Sharp (1859–1953) by Forrest Fenn, it is called *The Beat of the Drum and the Whoop of the Dance*. The title refers to Sharp's regret that he could hear neither sound because of his deafness.

Fenn tells the story of Sharp's life in clear prose that rises to poetry when he describes the landscapes that inspired the artist. Sharp's own letters and essays quoted in the book are surprisingly well written for a man who had so little formal education. But the greatest eloquence in the book is found in the quotations from the speeches of the Indians. Fred Rosenstock's foreword adds a dimension to the book. As a story-teller, he is so good that he might be considered a spiritual descendant of Scheherazade.

Sharp was sixteen when the Custer Massacre took place. Fenn points out that it added to his already lively interest in the Red Man. There was also the example of his colleagues on the faculty of the Cincinnati Art Academy. Fernand Lungren, Louis Meakin, Henry Farny, Charles Meurer, and Edward Potthast devoted all or part of their skills to painting scenes of the West, especially those involving the Plains Indians. Farny was the most successful among them, and it was to him that Sharp turned for advice when he considered entering the same field. Farny thought of the Plains Indians as "his Indians," and suggested that Sharp choose the Pueblo tribes as subjects. Sharp took his advice, and his first trip West included New Mexico (but not Taos), Arizona, and the Pacific Northwest, all outside Farny's sphere.

In 1899, Sharp decided that there were enough good Plains Indian subjects for both Farny and himself, and he and his wife Addie spent the summer at Crow Agency, Montana. It turned out to be the beginning of the most fruitful period of his life and influenced his art for the rest of his career. There were many Indian survivors of the Custer Battle on the reservation there, and Addie interviewed numbers of them while he painted their portraits. Fenn points out that Rain-in-the-Face and Red Cloud were among the 212 whose portraits Sharp eventually painted; he photographed 400 other survivors. Sharp and Addie spent the winters in Montana where he connived with the Indian agent to build a cabin on the reservation. To friends who were baffled by his willingness to endure the bitter Montana winters, he explained matter-of-factly that the Indians had more time for posing then and the snowy landscapes were more paintable. Laymen and connoisseurs alike agree that these Montana landscapes are among the treasures of American painting.

Fenn tells how Sharp continued to paint Plains Indian subjects after he abandoned Crow Agency and moved to Taos. He even put up a teepee outside his studio and tried to persuade his Taos Indian models to wear Siouan costumes. The Pueblo Indians con-

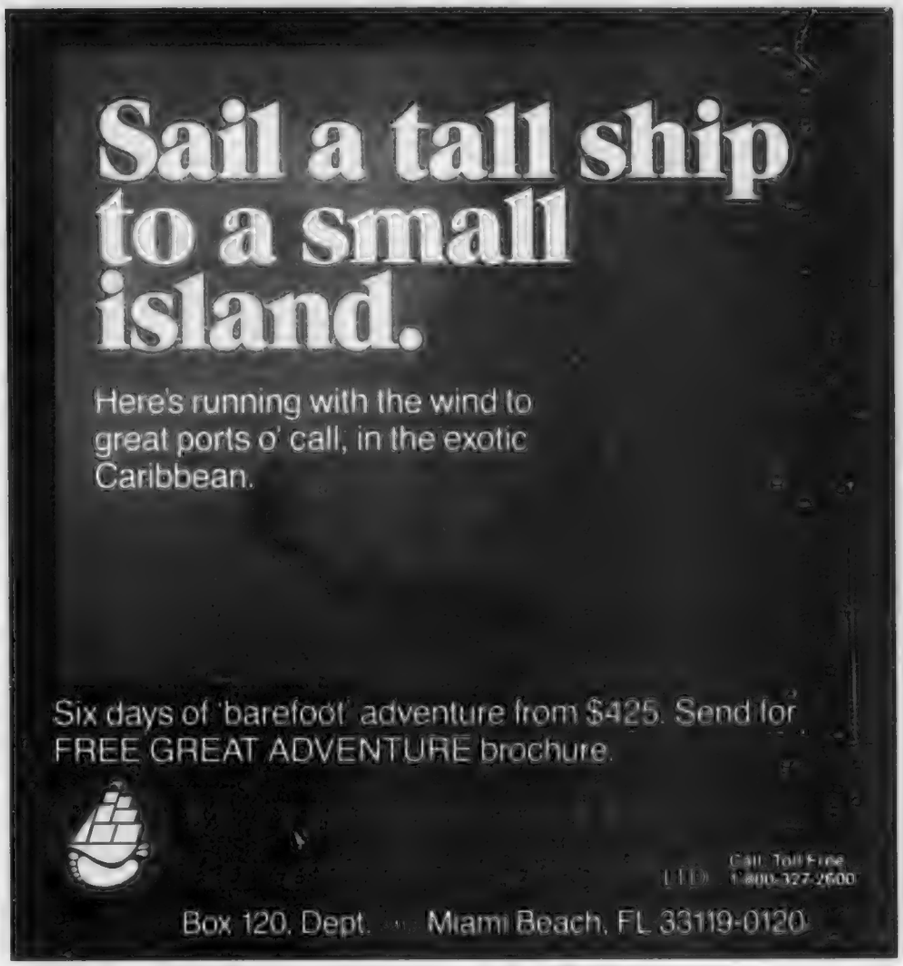
sidered hats to be "bad medicine," but a few did consent, albeit reluctantly, to wear some of the beadwork and feathers for which their brothers of the plains were famous.

Fenn does not tell much about Sharp's painting methods. This is the more regrettable since he has handled scores of works by this master and probably knows a great deal about the kinds of paints he used and the rest of the arcana involved in artistic production. There is a marked difference in the composition of Sharp's interior scenes and his landscapes. The composition of interior group scenes is often muddled, whereas his individual portraits are well presented. He seemed to be most at home in his Montana landscapes about which it would be hard to find fault of any kind. The excellent reproductions in the book tell a great deal about the artist's skills, especially his extraordinary ability in modeling the form of his subject.

The three most important collectors in Sharp's career were Joseph G. Butler, Jr., Phoebe Hearst, and Thomas Gilcrease. In 1945 the Gilcrease Museum showed the retrospective exhibition of the aged artist's work. After the effort involved in that show, Sharp became preoccupied with the problems of his old age. Born in the reign of Queen Victoria, he lived into that of Queen Elizabeth II. At the end, death treated him gently, as had life. He died in his sleep on the twenty-ninth of August in 1953.

The Beat of the Drum and the Whoop of the Dance contains much that will be of interest to the general reader. But the feature that will make it invaluable to scholars, collectors, and dealers is the list of 4,739 titles of Indian subjects that appears as an appendix. Fenn estimates that Sharp produced more than 7,800 oils, watercolors, pastels, monotypes, and etchings of Indian themes. This appendix will be quoted as an authority from now on. Mention must also be made of the large selection of extraordinary photographs. Sharp deserves a kind of immortality for these alone.

George Schriever *is Curator of the Anschutz Collection and is on the Editorial Board of* AMERICAN WEST. *See his "John Sloan Paints the West" in our issue for March/April 1983.*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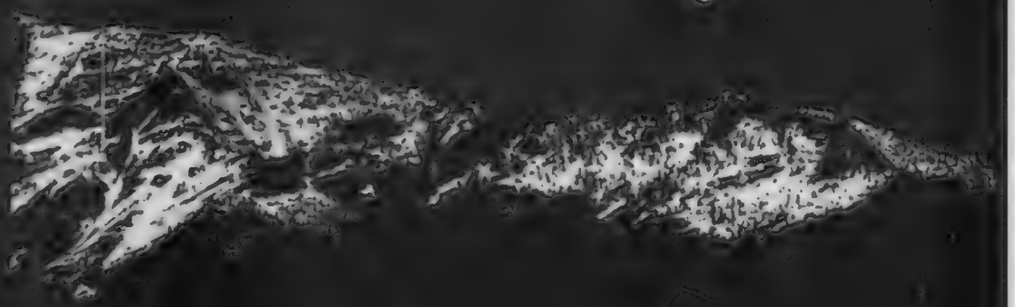

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Farewell to the Caboose

by Philip Hyde

IT WAS A SAD DAY FOR RAILROAD ENTHUSIASTS IN THE fall of '82 when American railroads and the United Transportation Union signed a compact to phase out cabooses on trains. The colorful little cars that for so many of us put an exclamation point at the end of a long train of freight cars seem to have become an expensive anachronism. In today's economy, anachronisms pass rapidly from the scene—but not from memory. Aside from the passing of a piece of folklore, nostalgia, and history, in this writer's eyes trains will look incomplete without that tail-end car with its distinctive form, unique color, and its marker lights disappearing down the track into the distance.

How will the engineer tell if he has got all his cars if he can't see a caboose bringing up the rear? Won't the operating companies miss that outstanding opportunity to "fly the flag" without that special car and its bright, king-sized logos and the colorful corporate slogans like "We can handle it"?

For us rail buffs, the passing of the caboose will be one more blow to our romance with the rails, but, like love lost, it will make the memories of those who lived during the heydey of rail, all the more poignant.

The Western Pacific has had a special interest for me—partly because I live near it, and also, somewhat ironically, for the "fond" memories of traveling home on it during the War (WW II) on furlough. How well I remember my first acquaintance with the Feather River Route for the night the clock ticked away twelve hours (half a day!) of my furlough while we sat on a siding somewhere near the Sierra divide not far from my present home, with a "hot box." Another endearing characteristic of that train was the string of coaches reserved for servicemen with half-fare tickets, which I'd climbed aboard in mid-Kansas. You couldn't see from one end of the coach to the other unless you stooped down almost to floor level because of the dense smoke. How the cigarette companies loved GIs in those days!

But you could go anywhere on the train then, and I used a lot of my days off doing just that. And nights—there was a nightly milk train that puttered through the small towns of central Kansas in the wee small hours that brought me back to Great Bend from seeing a girl in another town some sixty miles away. But my favorite train was the Colorado Eagle, the crack streamliner of the Missouri Pacific that sped through Kansas on its way from Chicago to Denver. The Eagle's chief virtue was that it carried a city boy out of the wheat fields of Kansas to the Rocky Mountains and the big city of Denver at the foot of their eastern slope.

Of course, there weren't many cabooses on passenger trains even in those days, though on some lines like the Denver and Rio Grande, a caboose sometimes served as a means for a few passengers to travel between sparsely settled places. Until automation, electronic detection devices, and other unromantic modern improvements, cabooses usually carried crewmen. Along with the fireman and engineer on the front end, they were the only humans in a long line of inanimate

PHOTO COURTESY PHILIP HYDE

freight cars. In recent years, freight cars have been enlivened somewhat with the colorful "billboard" advertising for industries that own or lease the cars. Perhaps railroads even started this trend which today has spread even to tee shirts and sneakers.

Still, it will be lonely for the engineers—and for the kids. There will be only one end of the train for kids to wave at. Do kids still wave at trains? Or are they all down at the International Airport waiting to jet off to some other end of the earth?

One thing I do know: kids (and grown-up kids) still "play" with trains. The hobby of model railroading thrives, even in the face of competition with miniature-car race-tracks where the motor culture is in full roar. And the kids' (and grown-up kids') trains will continue to feature cabooses. You can even complete your fantasy of a more interesting yesterday with miniature, carefully hand-painted people that wave from caboose windows. And your miniature passengers and crew can enjoy traveling down the line and through tunnels behind a steam locomotive that puffs realistic smoke. So, the glory of the railroads lives on in miniature.

The glory also lives on in the suspended-animation world of museums such as the California Railroad Museum, a part of the Old Sacramento State Historical Park, in Sacramento, California. There you can see restored old cars, classic antique engines, and a climax exhibit of an absolutely fabulous restored "Front-car" Mallet steam locomotive, whose massive bulk literally fills an important part of the museum building.

It seems that industries don't become romantic until they appear to be down and nearly out. But don't count the railroads out yet. They are still the most efficient way of moving freight and will come back when oil gets scarce again, as it must. And even passenger trains may yet be streamlined enough to lure back passengers. So kids, when you wave to the train passing by, don't wave goodbye, even if there isn't a caboose on the tail end.

Philip Hyde *is a railroad buff who runs an HO model railroad with his son. As a professional photographer he is noted for his conservation work and has recently issued a portfolio of twelve, artist-made, dye-transfer color prints of photographs of the Southwest. He previously contributed his written words to* AMERICAN WEST *in a review of* The Extraordinary Landscape *by William Garnett (March/April 1983).*

(Opposite) ***This old Western Pacific bay-window caboose has outlived its usefulness to the railroad. As if to emphasize its loneliness, it was photographed in the beginning of a snowstorm. This kind of caboose, a familiar sight on the rails a few years ago, has already been phased out.*** (Below) ***A caboose punctuates the end of a Santa Fe Railway train passing through Cajon Pass in California.***

PHOTO COURTESY THE SANTA FE RAILWAY

of the stones in the mid-1970s I had found several at low tide on the Palos Verdes Peninsula. Further searching revealed some rocks having holes formed through them by smaller harder stones working against the algae-pitted areas. Some had eroded to the extent the wall had broken through. Others were eroded more like a bowl but still were being pitted and eroded by many small stones agitated by wave action. By taking stone chips I also found similar smooth rocks embedded in the cliffs many feet above sea level. My theory is the cliffs eroded in this area from storms, these softer rocks entered the ocean, became pitted by algae and then were eroded by harder stones over the centuries.

Arthur F. Baker
Redondo Beach, California

Regarding the article "Mystery of the Eastern Connection," which summarized the controversy over the authenticity of evidence pointing to visits to America by prehistoric Asians, the hard-nosed skeptics who try to discount every bit of this evidence are blithely overlooking one very basic law of the universe. They are omitting consideration of Murphy's Law, which is a rather trite way of expressing a fundamental law of probability—that if something CAN occur, given enough time it WILL. This law most certainly applies to human affairs of all kinds.

Applied to the question of whether or not prehistoric Asians visited America before good old Columbus, Murphy's Law gives a firm answer. The Asians had the ability—no one questions that—and had that ability for thousands of years, more than enough time for the laws of probability to perform their irresistible work. Which means that even though some "evidence" for such visits may not be supportive, there is no escaping the conclusion that Asians DID visit America long before Europeans made their much-heralded landfalls here, and quite likely numerous times. The only thing that remains is to provide material evidence to support the firm conclusion attainable by the application of probability law.

F. A. Barnes
Moab, Utah

Wonderful working dogs

Had to write to tell you how much I truly enjoyed your article "Hairy Partners" in your November/December issue. It brought back very fond memories of my own (part) Border Collie "Lady" on our farm in rural Illinois, about 1957.

My father brought Lady home from the seed house he managed near Piper City, Illinois. She was an abandoned, very young, and apparently badly mistreated puppy.

Lady was very hard to win over. It took days for me to convince her that I loved her and was not going to mistreat her. Once that was accomplished I had the most fiercely loyal friend and bodyguard that I'd ever thought possible.

Without a minute of training, she took to cattle herding and to hunting. Your story of "Trig" grabbing the cow by the nose brought to mind a very similar incident which occurred one day when I was separating our prize bull from the herd to prevent him from breeding his own daughters. Needless to say, the bull

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was very much against the idea of leaving his herd. But, with a little persuasion from my horse and Lady and myself, we herded him up to the barn.

I had dismounted and was opening the gate when the bull made a pass toward me, and I stepped aside. I never really felt truly in danger, but Lady was taking no chances and promptly grabbed the bull by the snout and headed him through the gate. At that moment I was more concerned with how much damage she was doing to our expensive bull. It didn't dawn on me until a little later that she was just trying to protect me. When I realized this, I rewarded her with a big hug. I truly felt closer to that dog than to most humans I've known.

Gordon W. Downs
New Orleans, Louisiana

I read with great interest "Hairy Partners" in the November/December 1983 issue. Sheep dog trials were held at the University of California at Davis Picnic Day. Maybe they still are, as I have not been to Picnic Day in several years. There were marvelous demonstrations of these remarkable dogs and their trainers.

L. Curtis Vann
Yuba City, California

I have just finished your more than interesting article "Hairy Partners." We are the *proud owners* of a Border Collie. "Susie" was given to us when she was about six months old back in 1973. She was just a poor, dirty, half-starved pup that had been found wandering on the freeway.

Although we lived in the big city, and Susie was never around sheep or cattle, she knew how to "herd" animals. We lived next door to a lady that had a Poodle. The Poodle had a litter of five pups, and she would care for the four, but the runt of the bunch she didn't have much use for. Susie would watch out for that one and take care of it. When it came time for the pups to come inside, she would round up the bunch and get them all over to the back door and wait there until someone would come to get them.

Susie soon became my constant companion and went everywhere with me. I could go on for pages and pages about her devotion and loyalty to me and my husband. All these things she has never been trained for; it just comes natural to her. She is truly one of the family, and NOTHING or ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY COULD EVER SEPARATE US.

The article and pictures by Paul McHugh were wonderful and very informative. The pictures looked just like our Susie.

Margie and James Moore
Mountain View, Arkansas

I am writing to express my appreciation for the excellent article on working dogs in your November/December 1983 issue. Paul McHugh has done an excellent job in putting the working dog in the place it should be, on the farm. I would, however, like to make a few comments and corrections.

First, while I am not familiar with the McNabs referred to in "Hairy Partners," I must agree with Lu Rose. Any wild blood, such as coyote, bred into Border Collies can only weaken the

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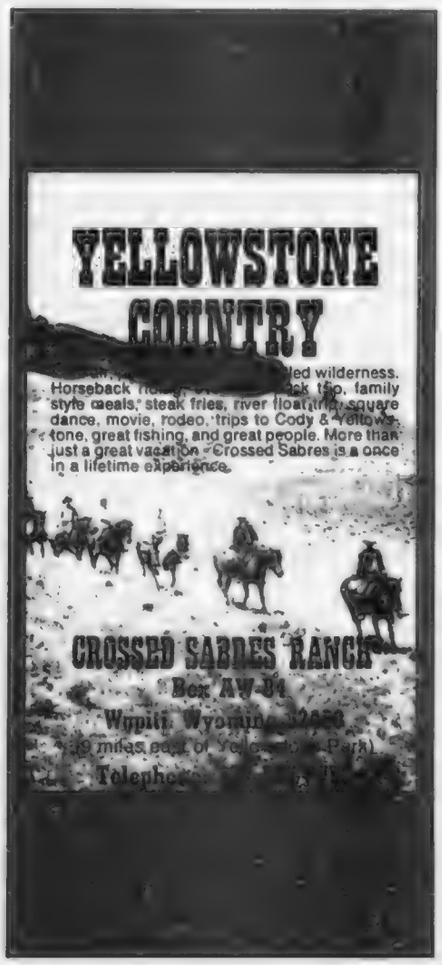

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positive traits bred into these dogs for centuries....

To my knowledge, the AKC has never refused to register Border Collies. For the AKC to refuse, someone has to ask that the breed be accepted, and unless I am seriously misinformed, this has never happened....

Finally, a few technical notes. First, the outrun is not a maneuver in which the dog drives sheep anywhere. The outrun is just that, a long run made out around stock before "fetching" that stock to the handler....

Secondly, most handlers use very few hand signals. When a dog is 400 to 800 yards away a hand signal is of very little use, and when stock is close, the handler usually has something else to do with his hands. You can well imagine the benefits of hand signals on a dog with his back turned to you. Whistles and voice commands are used almost exclusively.

Again, let me commend you on an excellent article, and I offer interested readers the service of putting them in touch with groups or individuals active in their areas.

Michael D. DeVine, Editor
Southern Stockdog Journal
Route 1, Box 65-K
Burkville, Alabama 36725

Cornish pasties

My Grandmother made pasties for me as a child up in Iron River, Michigan. Her father was a copper miner in Atlantic Mines near Houghton, Michigan, around the turn of the century.

Your article (November/December 1983) brought back fond memories of good food. Thanks.

Bernard Saint-Germain
Gallup, New Mexico

Jewish Conquistadors

I was amazed to read in your January issue the long tirade by W. H. Hutchinson of Chico. I am not concerned about his opinion of Mr. Steiner's view of Jewish Conquistadors, but I am concerned that he used profanity—four examples in fact—and that you printed it. In your invitation to the public to write letters to the Editor, you state on page 82: "Some editing of letters may be necessary." May I suggest *you* do so?

Mr. Hutchinson may regard himself a scholar; I am inclined to prefer Mr. Steiner's approach, not only scholarly but polite.

As an English teacher for many years in high schools throughout America, I had an irresistible urge to "red pencil" Mr. Hutchinson's remarks. May I suggest that you do so, also, in the future? Or better yet, refuse to publish any letters that include profanity.

The *real* American Cowboy was a true gentleman.

Elizabeth E. Shafer
Sun City, California

Yeah! for Prof. W. H. Hutchinson. Mr. Steiner's article was the typical pseudo-intellectual blather one gets when the writer decides on a point of view, foists it on us and "substantiates" the research material of his choice.

As a former researcher with advanced credentials in the field I'm sure I could prove *anything* through quoting the proper material.... If Mr. Steiner wishes to "uncover wonderful new facets of history relating to the Jews in the West," fine. Put it in fiction or write in a magazine devoted to cultural myth, conjecture, and traditions.

Jane Knap
Jacumba, California

Owen Wister

I read with interest Wallace Stegner's criticism of Owen Wister as a writer. Criticizing success is rather difficult.

No mention was made of the fact that *The Virginian* and also the story of Lin McLean were partly written in Washington State. Guy Waring had been a classmate of Wister's, as well as Theodore Roosevelt. Waring later moved to Washington State and took up cattle ranching in a valley in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. He also ran a saloon in the small town of Winthrop at the upper end of the valley.

Wister had just been married at the time of his visit and the couple spent their honeymoon in a log cabin that still stands in the town. It is now used as a

museum and is quite a tourist attraction.

It is said that one of the characters in *The Virginian* was actually the saloon bartender. Lin McLean was also a local character.

Thanks to a recent facelift, Winthrop still retains much of its western atmosphere. Just to the north of town lies the North Cascade Wilderness. I was in that area in 1926 with a Forest Service crew fighting a forest fire. The scenery is absolutely magnificent.

Hal D. Browning
Hunters, Washington

Kudos

I enjoy the debates in your letters as much as I do your articles. Keep up the good work.

AMERICAN WEST's prose kindles the instinct for learning and knowledge too many "journals" tend to deaden.

John D. Aquilino, Jr.
Director of Public Education
National Rifle Association of America
Washington, D.C.

Of course there's a West. In one of your last issues there were letters of a doubtful nature as to its existence. Just this week my mother declared that a letter to her friends in Volberg, Montana, would have to go by *coach* to their town from Miles City, Montana. I said, "You can't mean that!" She replied, "It isn't a horse-drawn carriage, but it is delivered by a van, and the people out there call it a coach yet!" Tradition hasn't faltered there, it seems.

My older sister was born in a little old sod shanty on the prairie thirty miles from Miles City, Montana. The stories of hardships there in 1917 were unbelievable but true. They were always killing rattlesnakes. One big rattler lay coiled up just inches from my mother's face as she dug in a cave for a pail of coal, which was on their homestead. Had it not been September, when the snakes are lazy and sleepy, it might well have been the final blow of destiny for her. Another time my father walked thirty miles into town in the springtime before the ice on the Tongue River broke. On his way home with his suitcase full of supplies, he came to the river, crossed it, and as he did, the ice broke behind him, just minutes after he reached safety.

Keep the West the way it is. There's no other place like it! It's doubtful if all the stories, true and exaggerated, could be printed that have occurred in the West. Of course there's a West. I was born there!

Jean M. Tarman
Turtle Lake, Wisconsin

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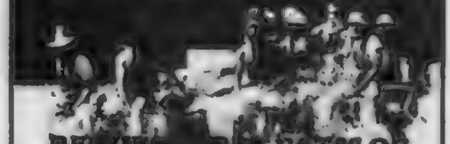

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Lookout *(Continued from page 15)*

finally purchased the group of buildings, restoring and modernizing the three two-room, wood-frame cribs. Recently completed, they are now much needed low income rentals. The stone building was sold as a residence, and the Silver Bell bar is up for sale, with covenants on the facade.

Watermarks. In early December the Great Salt Lake had already reached its highest level since the turn of the century, and Colorado River reservoirs were nearly brimming with snowmelt. Once again, prospects for lakeshore and riverbank properties are worrisome. But a year ago at this time individual researchers and the Forest Service of Colorado were debating with Colorado citizens over the use of weather modification and vegetation management to increase snowmelt from the Rockies. Spurred by a growing need to provide water to parched Southwest lands (including the 1.5 million acre feet guaranteed to Mexico in a 1944 treaty), various groups in Colorado, California, and Utah experimented with cloud seeding and strip cutting—a removing of trees from mountain forests in patches or strips to create a better runoff into the Colorado River. These efforts were quickly suspended when heavy snows arrived early and, since, have not begun again. According to Lewis Grant of the atmospheric science department at Colorado State University, these few experiments contributed negligibly to high water levels of this year; he notes that an advantage of cloud seeding is that it *can* be easily regulated, although strip cutting is less flexible. In wet years we may forget a need for man-manipulated rain and snow, but in eight years out of ten, with the population of the dry Southwest growing rapidly and world temperatures rising, it will soon seem obvious again. Right now—and in dryer times as well—says Grant, the most important need is for more reservoir space where this essential liquid can be stored.

A name-calling affair. Last October at the Board on Geographic Names meeting in Boise, Idaho, the name of Olga Little Mountain was approved for one of the towering peaks of the San Juan Mountains in Colorado.

As a teenager in turn-of-the-century Colorado, Olga Little broke horses, guided trappers, and rode in rodeos. In 1909 she moved to Durango, where for the next thirty years she drove mule teams carrying supplies and silver in and out of those mountains. For many years she was a special guest at parades and ceremonies around the Durango area until her death in 1970.

Created in 1890 to act as a jury for proposed geographic names and to deal with the confusion of different names for a single place, the B.G.N. also determines policies on public participation—which they encourage. The naming of Western America is still a brisk affair.

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY

Who is protecting whom? In recent years the number of grizzly bears in the lower forty-eight states dwindled to only hundreds, but our national park systems have been instrumental in protecting the awesome giants from extinction. At the same time, the park systems have had to create unusual ways to protect human beings. Glacier National Park, Montana, now requires those campers in the Many Glacier campground who are not securely settled in RV's to spend the night in the Park's "exclosure." This is an area enclosed by heavy-gauge, steel-mesh fencing fifteen feet tall that keeps wandering bears out of an area large enough for three four-person tents. (Reservations, please, for back-country hikers.) Though some campers feel this cage is hard to bear, park personnel insist the precaution is justified. The Many Glacier campground is located in a major travel area for grizzlies in a wilderness with a high concentration of these fierce animals. While infrequent, mauling incidents occur often enough to cause concern.

Last year at Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, many acres were closed to the public to "preserve solitude" for the bears and encourage their proliferation. And the Endangered Species Act—which demands up to $20,000 in fines and one year in prison for killing a grizzly, even by mistake—is being strictly enforced in Montana and Wyoming.

Flying high. Kiteflying, for centuries a favorite pastime all over the world, still holds its magic appeal in the West. In dozens of tournaments each year children and adults fly flat kites, box kites, canopy and parafoil kites competing in field events for pulling power, dropping, duration, climbing speed, and altitude. Many festivals award less skill-oriented accomplishments with titles like

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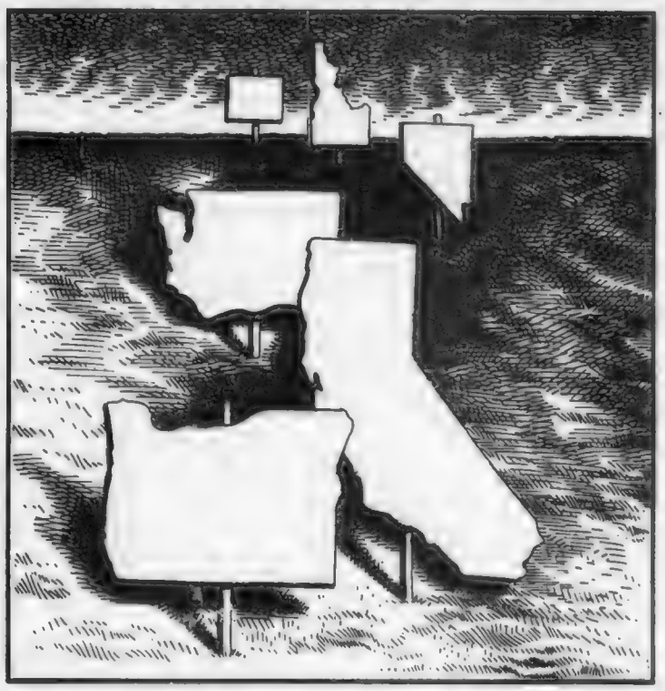

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"most beautiful kite" or "best fed tree." At the annual Oahui Kite Festival in Honolulu, Hawaii, spectators will watch lithe-fingered levitators fly for a world's record on March 10. But not all kite festivals are competitive. The Let's Fly a Kite, Venice Pier Kite Festival in Venice, California—which celebrates its 10th anniversary on March 24—is a graceful, well-attended, high-flying event with "no rules, no fees, no judging." If you'd like to know where you can go to join the fun, write to the American Kiteflyers Association, Association Headquarters, 113 W. Franklin Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

Woodburning, not long ago considered *the* natural, renewable source of heat, is now being reconsidered. Residential woodburning has become so widespread that across the mountainous West woodsmoke—that welcoming sign of a warm home—has suddenly turned into air pollution. In Missoula Valley, Montana, where more than half the population owns a woodburning stove, an average three out of every four days brings a warm air inversion, trapping smoke close to the ground. On cold winter days the smog gets pretty thick. In Missoula Valley and in Oregon State, where many cities grew up in such inland valleys, environmental health officials are taking action with specific burning restrictions.

Many woodburning residents protest imposed regulations as an infringement on their freedom, but the Missoula City/County Health Department insists that controls are necessary to protect their citizens' right to clean air. Ultimately, their idea is not to eliminate woodburning, but to assure responsible and efficient techniques. Missoula Valley residents have been educated for three years now about proper methods of cutting, storing, and burning that reduce the number of respirable particulates in smoke. In Oregon, the legislature has passed a law that will allow control of the emissions level in all stoves purchased after July 1986.

Junk mail. The Houston Chronicle recently reported the arrival on its premises of a package of garbage. In the package—along with an empty soft drink bottle, a fast-food pie wrapper, and the Harris County library card of an unnamed woman—was a letter to that woman from B. W. Mangrum of Durango, Colorado. This is how it read, "Enclosed herewith the garbage you dumped at the intersection of my driveway and U.S. Highway 160, four miles west of Durango, Colo. It is inconceivable that one would spend so much time and money and travel so far to see the Rocky Mountains, and dump garbage beside the roads. I live here and I resent it. Your garbage is being sent to the Houston Chronicle in the hopes that they will see that you get it back.... Should you ever return to the Rocky Mountains, please have more respect for what you come to look at."

No fooling. In the quad city area of Iowa on the upper Mississippi, where unemployment has recently been highest in the nation, residents are going to get a lift. Noting that the time is ripe to spotlight humor, some enterprising citizens have instituted a new, one-of-a-kind National Humor Hall of Fame. In LeClaire, Iowa, next to a portentous corn field, a huge complex will soon house the paraphernalia to entertain millions.

In spite of his Mickey Mouse executive kit (a gift from a friend), director Jerry Millard doesn't expect this to be a mickey-mouse operation. It is to be a first-class attraction lightening the hearts of visitors from around the country. It is also expected to be a "serious center of humor" where scholars can study the history of humor in the United States and the human power of humor. Joining members are invited to send in their favorite jokes (Box HoHo, LeClaire, Iowa 52753). The first 2,000 jokes to arrive will be incorporated into one of the Hall's permanent displays. No fooling.

COURTESY UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Duck stamps. In 1984 the Federal Government celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its longest running, annually issued series of stamps in United States revenue stamp history. In 1934, Congress passed the Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp Act requiring every hunter of migratory fowl, sixteen years old or older, to purchase and carry a Federal stamp. Money from the attractive stamps, engraved with a color or black and white waterfowl drawing, is used to buy and lease vital wetland habitat for migratory birds.

At first, wildlife illustrators were commissioned to draw waterfowl designs, but in 1949 the Federal Government began its only continuing art competition—the "Duck Stamp" contest. The prize for the winning design is only a sheet of stamps. But the winners may sell prints of their original work to collectors across the country. The 1981–82 winner, John S. Wilson, is reported to have earned hundreds of thousands of dollars in this way.

For the Fish and Wildlife Service, nearly two million stamps are sold each year to sportsmen, non-hunting conservationists, and collectors. Duck stamp sales alone have raised $256 million dollars since 1934, contributing the bulk of funds to acquire over 2.5 million acres of prime waterfowl habitat. There are now 400 National Wildlife Refuges in the United States encompassing 90 million acres, most of them along principal flyways. However, an estimated 458,000 acres of unprotected wetlands disappear each year under increasing pressures of industrial and agricultural growth. Refuge lands are often open to hunting and fishing, with many offering recreational areas for the public. Duck stamps may be purchased for $7.50 at first- and second-class post offices across the country.

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Western Books in Brief

These books may be purchased from your local bookstore. AMERICAN WEST does not sell them.

In a Narrow Grave: Essays on Texas *by Larry McMurtry (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1968, 1983; 189 pp., biblio., paper $7.95).*
It's fascinating to see all of those great Texas characters come to life in the real McMurtry family—the ones that appear so vividly in his early fiction. *Horseman, Pass By* (which appeared on the screen as "Hud") and *Leaving Cheyenne* are still his finest works, although the novelist, essayist would have us believe they are "immature." It's too bad, in our view, that McMurtry didn't stay on that track. These essays make fine reading and give an insight into one of Texas's best-known, contemporary writers.

In Plain Sight *by Beaumont Newhall, fore. by Ansel Adams (Peregrine Smith Books, Layton, Utah, 1983; 96 pp., illus., chrono., $27.50).*
As foremost photohistorian in the United States, Newhall helped shape the development of the photographic arts. Here, he selects seventy black-and-white prints from fifty years of his own image-making. Printed on quality stock, these photographs show an acute sensitivity to space, design, and humanity in cityscape, landscape, and portraiture.

North American Game Fish Cookbook *by Bill & Anita Mabbutt (Solstice Press, Moscow, Idaho, 1983; 188 pp., illus., index, paper $9.95).*
Whether you find your fish in ocean, stream, or at the market, these recipes promise to make them taste their best. The Mabbutts include tips on freezing, thawing, seasoning, and curing in addition to the cooking of "almost any fish that's ever struck a lure" on the North American continent. This book will be a boon to those of us who are always looking for a new, exciting way to prepare fish.

Mimbres Pottery: Ancient Art of the American Southwest *essays by J. J. Brody, Catherine J. Scott, Steven A. LeBlanc, intro. Tony Berlant (Hudson Hills Press, New York, 1983; 132 pp., illus., biblio., $35.00).*
A superb volume catalogues and comments upon out-of-the-ordinary painted pottery from a culture that flourished a thousand years ago. More than 135 objects illustrate with unusual detail the myth and traditions of these ancient people. Diversity in both geometric design and narrative scenes suggests that originality was the rule rather than the exception, with some drawings recalling modern artistic styles—the aesthetic qualities of the paintings will appeal even to those who do not have a special affection for archeology. Four essays by authorities in each field discuss the history of the Mimbres people, the evolution of its pottery, the imagery of the paintings, and the painted pottery as art. This book is published in conjunction with a traveling exhibition by the American Federation of Arts (see "Art Notes," this issue).

Growing Old at Willie Nelson's Picnic and Other Sketches of Life in the Southwest *ed. by Ronald B. Querry (Texas A & M Press, College Station, Texas, 1983; 285 pp., illus., paper $10.95, cloth $18.50).*
N. Scott Momaday, D. H. Lawrence, Larry McMurtry, and seventeen others ruminate some aspect of the Indian, Spanish, or Anglo Southwest. Fathers and sons, childish perceptions, cows, and snake dances are colorfully described in this diverse collection of history, biography, and fiction.

Roadside Geology of Arizona *by Halka Chronic (Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana, 1983; 320 pp., illus., glossary, paper $9.95).*
A well-written layman's guide to the environmental wonders that have lifted and leveled the land of Arizona, this text reveals "the main aspects of Arizona geology, embellished by details that can be seen from the highways." It includes discussions of special landmarks like Canyon de Chelly, the Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, and the Petrified Forest. To help the inquisitive general reader, Chronic has also included a "mini-course" in geology.

A Treasury of the Sierra Nevada *ed. by Robert Leonard Reid (Wilderness Press, Berkeley, Calif., 1983; 363 pp., illus., paper $9.95).*
A broad and fascinating view of the Sierra Nevada is offered in these short articles by early visitors and contemporary admirers. Jedediah Smith, Mark Twain, Jack London,

and John Muir are only a few of the great men and women inspired by the grand Sierra Nevada who are represented in this collection.

Alliance, Illinois *by Dave Etter (Spoon River Poetry Press, Peoria, Illinois, 1983; 239 pp., $14.95).*
Called a "chronicler of Midwest prairie towns and the disappearing race of semi-rural people," Dave Etter writes simple, honest poetry. Verses on small-town life are sometimes biting, sometimes gentle, capturing sentiments and thoughts most of us have had before.

As in a Vision: Masterworks of Indian Art *by Edwin L. Wade, Carol Haralson, and Rennard Strickland (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma 1983; 144 pp., illus., gloss., notes, index, paper $19.95).*
Traditional songs, prayers and poems complement the many photographs of Native American artifacts from the Elizabeth Cole Butler Collection at the Philbrook Art Center in Tulsa. Magic, art, and utility are combined in tools of peace and war, in clothes, adornments, and housewares from Micmac to Assiniboin and dozens of other cultures.

Everett Ruess: A Vagabond for Beauty *by W. L. Rusho with the letters of Everett Ruess, intro. by John Nichols, after. by Edward Abbey (Peregrine Smith Books, Salt Lake City, 1983; 240 pp., illus., notes, index, $15.50).*
With the promise of artistic talent and an extreme esthetic sensitivity, young Everett Ruess wandered wilderness lands looking for beauty. In 1934, at the age of twenty-one, Ruess disappeared in a Utah desert. The mystique of his life and death inspires those who knew him and those who know his letters. Wallace Stegner said of Ruess, "We might be inclined to laugh at the extravagance of his beauty-worship if there were not something almost magnificent in his single-minded dedication to it."

Images and Conversations: Mexican Americans Recall a Southwestern Past *by Patricia Preciado Martin (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1983; 110 pp., $25.00).*
The old days of Tucson are recalled in the words of thirteen Mexican-American old-timers, many of whom were born at the turn of the century in the Old Pueblo. The pride and warmth in these autobiographical sketches are also reflected in the many photographic portraits of these men and women in and around their homes.

Tolbert's Texas *by Frank X. Tolbert (Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1983; 194 pp., $14.95).*
From thirty years of collecting, *Dallas News* columnist Frank Tolbert has compiled an anthology of Texas yarns told in a meaty, journalistic style. Mrs. Fantroy, Lyndon Johnson's longtime cook, dishes out laughs while taste-testing the president's food. More chuckles are provided by the moonshiners, socialites, good old boys, and peyote dealers who populate these pages.

Hopi Photographers, Hopi Images *compiled by Victor Masayesva, Jr. and Erin Younger (Sun Tracks & University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1983; 111 pp., notes, biblio., paper $14.95, cloth $25.00).*
Some simple, some stirring—the images in this collection of photographs are personal interpretations of a people and place by men and women of that culture. Comments by the photographers, poetry, and a review of historical photography on the Hopi are included.

The Wolf in the Southwest: The Making of an Endangered Species, *ed. by David E. Brown (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1983; 195 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $9.95, cloth $19.95).*
In an account of the sixty-year campaign to exterminate lobo, we learn of the wolf's history, its social behavior, and physical characteristics. We also hear tales of indomitable wolf personalities.

Smoky-Top: The Art and Times of Willie Seaweed *by Bill Holm (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1983; 184 pp., illus., append., biblio., index, $24.95).*
In large color and black-and-white photographs, creatures with mythical powers peer from ornate masks and totem poles. The dramatic art of Willie Seaweed, late chief and artist of the Kwakiutl Indians in British Columbia, makes an impressive statement about this man. An informative text describes his life and the experience of the Kwakiutl tribe since its introduction to modern civilization.

Texas Images and Visions *by William H. Goetzmann and Becky Duval Reese (University of Texas Press, Austin, 1983; 168 pp., illus., index, paper $14.95).*
Images of Texas, old and new, make the theme of a visual arts exhibit organized by the University of Texas at Austin to celebrate its centennial year. The catalog for this show includes refreshing works by both renowned and little-known artists, historic and contemporary—Catlin and Audubon to Luis Jiminez and Melissa Miller.

Hiking the Southwest: Arizona, New Mexico and West Texas *by Dave Ganci (Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1983; 416 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $9.95).*
This sturdily bound little volume is about four by six inches and fits handily into a backpack in spite of its 416 pages. Covering vast acres of public lands—from the more remote wildlife refuges to the well-known national parks like the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest—this new addition to the Sierra Club totebook series tells how to get there and what to expect when you arrive.

Tell Me a Story, Sing Me a Song: A Texas Chronicle *by William A. Owens (University of Texas Press, Austin, 1983; 338 pp., musical transcriptions, index, paper $12.50, cloth $25.00).*
During the depression years, William Owens traveled through Texas recording ballads of love and violence; this is the story of his travels, of the people who sang for him, and of their songs. Musical notations are often included, and a "Sing me a song" cassette, with twenty-nine folk songs taped during his travels, is also available.

Crow's Shells: Artistic Basketry of Puget Sound *by Nile Thompson and Carolyn Marr (Dushuyay Publications, Seattle, 1983; 80 pp., illus., map, biblio., paper $9.95).*
Techniques of coiling and twining are detailed in this short but intensive look at the basketry of Twana and Salish Indians of Washington state's Puget Sound region. The authors also relate the traditions of mastering this art, a privilege reserved for selected individuals.

Western Lore

World's Largest Log Cabin

Billed as the "world's largest log cabin," this structure was erected in 1905 for the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, Oregon. As the Forestry Building, it housed a fascinating display of forest products of the West and an excellent collection of early logging equipment.

Commemorating the Oregon Country's century of development after the pathfinders' visit, this cabin was 206 feet long, 102 feet wide, and 70 feet high. Its walls were made of horizontally laid logs measuring between 2 and 4 feet in diameter and between 50 and 70 feet long. The roof was supported by 52 fir logs that measured 54 feet and 6 inches long and 6 feet in diameter at the base. Over all, the building contained 1,200,000 board feet. Total cost was about $20,300.

Visitors reported that the interior of the cabin created an atmosphere of dramatic solemnity—it was like a great forest of huge trees. Dim light, rustic construction, and the smell of timber contributed to this sylvan effect. For fifty-nine years the cabin encouraged Oregonians to follow the explorers' example—"We proceeded on." But in August of 1964 the building was destroyed by fire, bringing out the unusual number of 21 fire trucks and 145 fire fighters.

The photograph and information were sent in by Art Fee of Ridgefield, Washington.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose suggestion is accepted for publication in Western Lore. We seek information (with relevant pictures, if possible) about unusual artifacts, unusual and little-known happenings, unusual and little-known people, as well as little-known facts about well-known people—all in Western history. What do you have? Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack pictures carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Lore, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

quantities of water. Dr. Waitt's field work indicates that sufficient time elapsed between separate floodings for wind-blown soil to form atop flood deposits in the Walla Walla and lower Yakima River valleys, which are now underlaid by forty or more thin layers of flood-deposited silt, sand, and gravel. Included among the intra-flood deposits is a two-part ashfall from Mount St. Helens, identified as "layer S," erupted about 13,000 years ago.

According to Dr. Waitt, the repeated outpourings from Lake Missoula were not the result of late Pleistocene climatic variations that caused thinning or partial withdrawal of the ice lobe damming the lake. Instead, inherent instability of the glacial dam itself regularly triggered the floods. When the lakewaters rose approximately nine-tenths as deep as the ice dam was thick, the glacier (less dense than water) became buoyant, allowing water to flow beneath the glacier and its bed. Once drainage had begun, subglacial tunnels rapidly enlarged, permitting the lake to empty completely. The mechanism for this periodic self-dumping of Lake Missoula is inferred to be the same as that of modern, but considerably smaller ice-dammed lakes.

Calculating the meltwater constantly flowing into Lake Missoula from the vast continental icesheet on the north, as well as the influx from various rivers, Dr. Waitt concludes that it took only a few decades to refill the lake basin to maximum volume, at which point the ice dam again became unstable and released the impounded waters. Between about 15,000 and 13,000 years ago, intervals averaging less than a century punctuated the series of catastrophic inundations. Thus the periodic flooding accords well with the time needed to refill the lake. The last several dumpings seem to have been of smaller dimension than most of the earlier floods, leaving gravel bars and wave-undulation markings along the bases of previously excavated channels.

It is not certain that native Americans then inhabited the affected regions, which include parts of four states. Certainly most tribes who might then have occupied the flood-course would not have survived to relate their interpretation of the gods' apparent wrath in thus drowning the world. Yet survivors in areas bordering the flood or atop islands of high ground—isolated "arks" of safety—would undoubtedly have been sufficiently impressed to pass on oral histories of a "great flood." Tribal memories of one or more of these watery cataclysms may have inspired the accounts later transmitted to Northwest missionaries.

It is perhaps significant that nature eludes attempts to pin her behavior down to any inflexible scientific "law." Most of her earthly work operates at the observed, 'normal" pace, gradually raising mountains by almost imperceptible earthquakes and carving valleys by routine stream-cutting. But the element of the unexpected—of Chaos—can interrupt the ostensibly fixed geologic process with a sudden violence that challenges our sense of natural order. Such were the Lake Missoula Floods.

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Western Snapshots Today

Separating the cows from the calves before branding is the usual tricky process at the Crown C Ranch in Sonoita, Arizona. Since cows have been known to get excited by the bawling of their calves and charge at a ranch hand, this separation is necessary. The fewer animals in the branding area, the better. And good footwork is needed in a cowboy's bag of tricks when lack of space in the corral prevents the use of horses.

The cowboy flapping his jacket is Carlos Yslava, foreman of the Babacomari Ranch in nearby Elgin. Quick on his feet and extremely alert, Yslava lets the cows through the gate to his left while he bluffs the calves toward another corner of the corral. The identification notch in the leading cow's ear is a tame variation of the marking system that gave Jesse Chisholm his nickname "The Jinglebob Cattle King;" his cut left a small flap of the ear dangling freely. The Crown C notch is in store for these two calves.

The crews of the Babacomari and the Crown C carry on the tradition of cooperation between ranches as they help each other out during busy times like shipping and branding.

This lively Western Snapshot was taken by William B. Franklin of Sonoita with a Rollei 35 on Plus X film.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West—the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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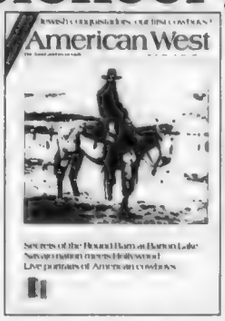

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Western Art Notes

COURTESY INTERNORTH ART FOUNDATION/JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, OMAHA

Views of a Vanishing Frontier

In 1834, on an expedition through North America with German Prince Maximilian of Wied, Swiss artist Karl Bodmer spent a bitter winter among the Mandan and Hidatsa Indians in what is now North Dakota. Among the portraits he painted of these people is the watercolor reproduced here of *Periska-Rupa* (Two Ravens), a Hidatsa leader. In "Views of a Vanishing Frontier," at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Nebraska, Bodmer's art and other related ethnographic and historic materials commemorate this expedition.

With a combination of realistic detail and aesthetic sensitivity, Bodmer painted landscape, wildlife, and portraits illustrating the observations of naturalist Maximilian. Late historian and author Bernard DeVoto called Bodmer's work "a permanent landmark in the study of America." In "Views of a Vanishing Frontier" Bodmer's art is complemented by articles like war emblems, a woman's robe, and a watercolor by *Mato-Tope*, a Mandan chief, depicting his combat with a Cheyenne chief. The exhibition will run through April 8 at the Joslyn and will then travel to the Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, and the M. H. deYoung Memorial Museum, San Francisco, ending at the National Museum of Natural History, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C.. in March of 1985.

Tierra Incognita, Unknown Land. The Arizona Heritage Center in Tucson, Arizona, celebrates its hundredth anniversary with an original exhibit on three centuries of Spanish cartography in the American Southwest. Thirty-seven hand-colored manuscript and printed maps dating from 1504 to 1803 trace Spanish awareness of the Southwestern frontier. "Tierra Incognita" is on display now and will run through December. Manuscript

Because the buffalo meant life itself to the Plains Indians and played such a central role in their beliefs, it was honored in many beautiful ways. This trophy bull buffalo skull presentation is one of them. It is part of one of nine collections featured in our catalog among nearly 100 beautiful examples of Plains Indian art, artifacts and jewelry— bow and arrow sets, knives, painted buffalo and elk robes, shields, war axes, coyote fang necklaces and more.

Every single artifact is currently created, unique and made by hand from authentic materials. They make wonderful gifts and decorations. Each one has its own Plains Indian heritage story to tell. You'll read about them in our catalog.

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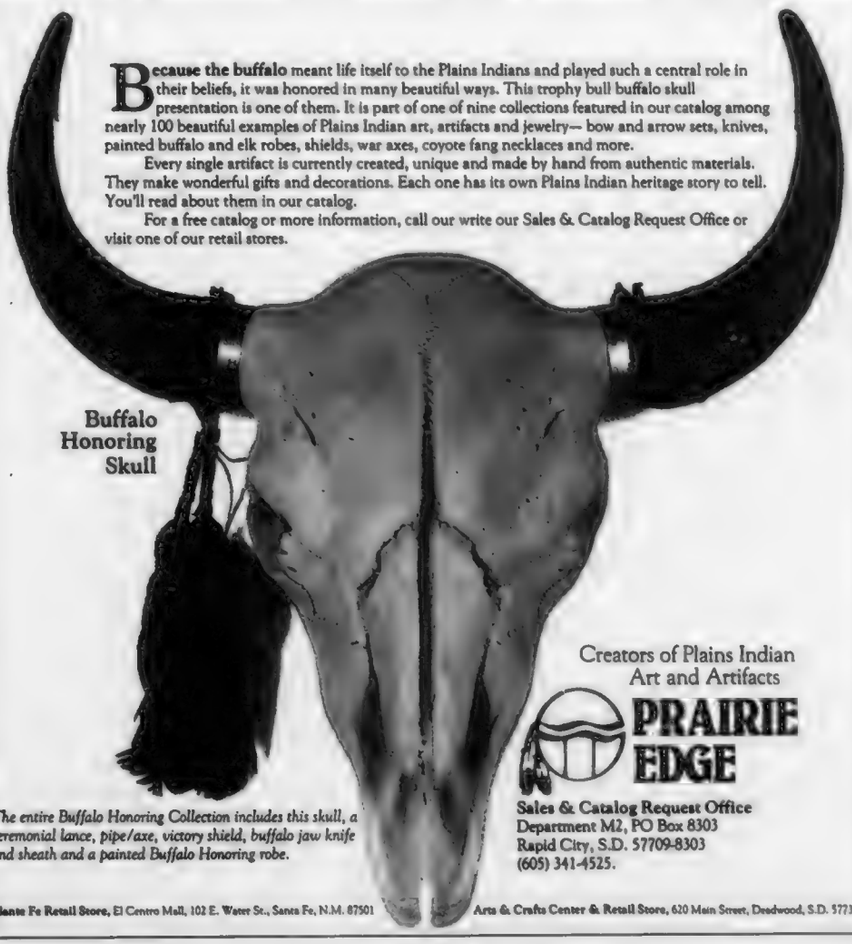

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maps from the British Museum and *Museo Naval* will be replaced with color photograph reproductions at the end of April.

Monument au fantôme. Houston, Texas, is now home for a fantastic sculpture by eighty-two-year-old French master, Jean Dubuffet. Commissioned by Gerald D. Hines Interests and PIC Realty Corp., this thirty-three-foot high, seven-piece monument to a ghost stands before the modern skyscraper, Inter-First Plaza in downtown Houston. It is a bold configuration in blue, white, red, and black and is an outstanding example of the unconventional, expressive style on which Dubuffet built his international reputation during the mid-1900s.

Mimbres Pottery. The ancient culture of the Mimbres valley in New Mexico mysteriously disappeared around 1150. But much of the distinctive painted pottery from the pueblo remains and has been organized by the American Federation of the Arts for a major traveling exhibition. Elaborate narrative drawings and geometric designs were painted onto the surface of serving bowls, storage and cooking jars, and jars for hauling water as well as ceremonial vessels—some showing evocative scenes like an armadillo with a deerhead mask or frogmen with fish. Mimbres pottery, much of which was buried in funeral rituals, helps us imagine these ancient people, their lifeways, and beliefs. Opening January 12, 1984, at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, the show runs through March 11. It will then move on to Kansas City (William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art–Atkins Museum of Fine Arts), Santa Fe (Museum of New Mexico), Minneapolis (University of Minnesota Gallery), Denver (Colorado Historical Society), Los Angeles (The Southwest Museum), ending in New York in the fall of 1985 (The Metropolitan Museum of Art).

Nature and Progress: Chromolithographs from the W. H. Jackson Collection. Colored photographs of landscape and documentary cityscapes from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries show at The Colorado Historical Society in Denver through March 26.

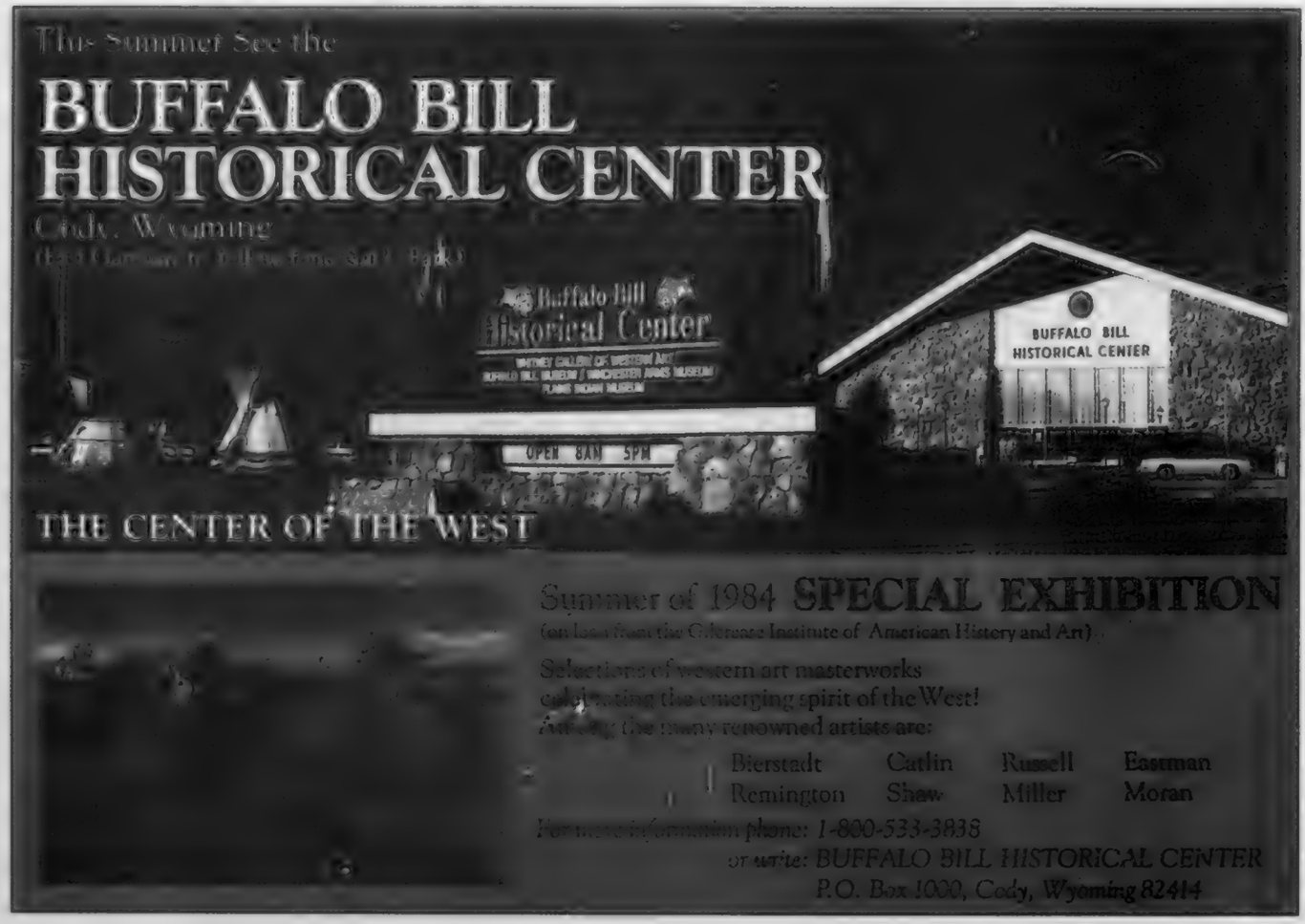
China: 7,000 Years of Discovery. This exhibit features eighteen Chinese artisans who will demonstrate some of the scientific and technological inventions of China including silk weaving, printing, bronze casting, and papermaking. The show will run at the Pacific Science Center in Seattle, Washington, March 1 through August 31.

Skinny '80s, A Photographic Portrait of North Texas Oil Booms is an exhibit depicting the history of the Wichita region oil fields. The show runs through June 1 at the Wichita Falls Museum and Art Center.

The Early Landscapes of Frederic Church, 1845–1854. A small, select group of twenty-five paintings and twenty oil sketches and pencil drawings by the noted landscape artist of the nineteenth century will be on view at the Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas, March 9 through April 29.

Gaucho of the Pampas brings the gaucho's silver-trimmed saddles, bridles, and clothing to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City. Oil paintings and riding accoutrements in this show can be seen through April 30.

Airy limbs. The insect motif graces jewelry, masks, and textiles from around the world in the "Wings" exhibit of the San Diego Museum of Man. Also featured are the wings of serpents, angels, bats, and other legendary dwellers in the skies. At the same time you may see "Messengers: Voices from Beyond," a show which depicts the mythical power of birds in American Indian lore as well as the prominence of birds in artwork



the world over. Both shows will continue through March 25, 1984.

A Century of Black Photographers, 1840–1960. The largest exhibition of photographs by black American artists contains works by recognized and lesser known artists and runs from April 21 through June 10 at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston.

The American Cowboy, a controversial exhibit organized by the Library of Congress, includes everything from mementos of Teddy Roosevelt and John Wayne to a 1942 Peacock jukebox that plays records cut by the great cowboy singers of the '30s and '40s—on display March 7 through April 29 at the Denver Art Museum.

Grasp Tight the Old Ways: The Klamer Collection of Inuit Art and **Inua: Spirit World of the Bering Sea** open March 10 at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. Both exhibits display Eskimo art and ceremonial objects and will be on view through May 27.

Alfred Steiglitz. Over 150 works of the man who so influenced photography in America can be seen at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art from April 6 through June 3.

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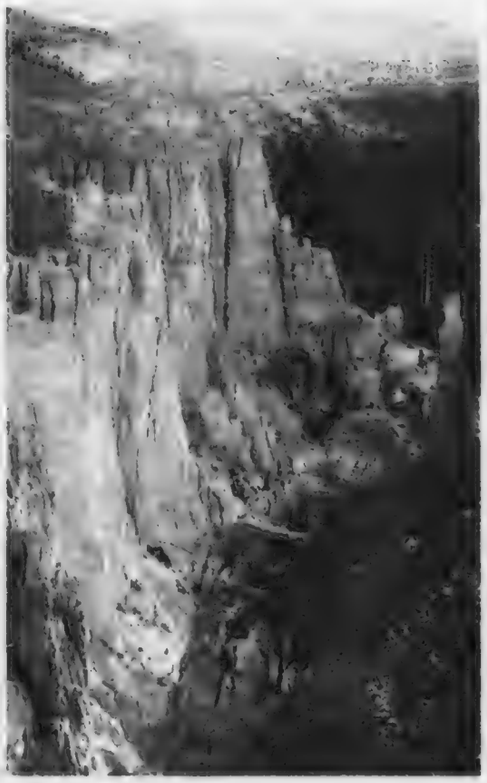

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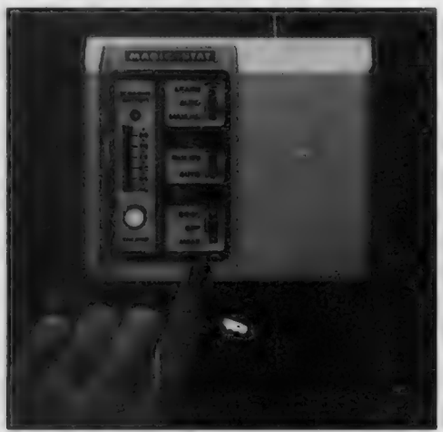

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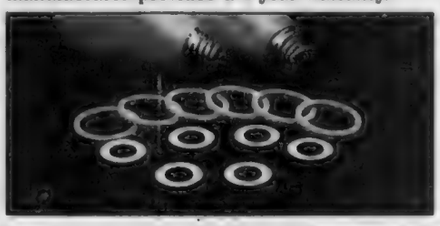

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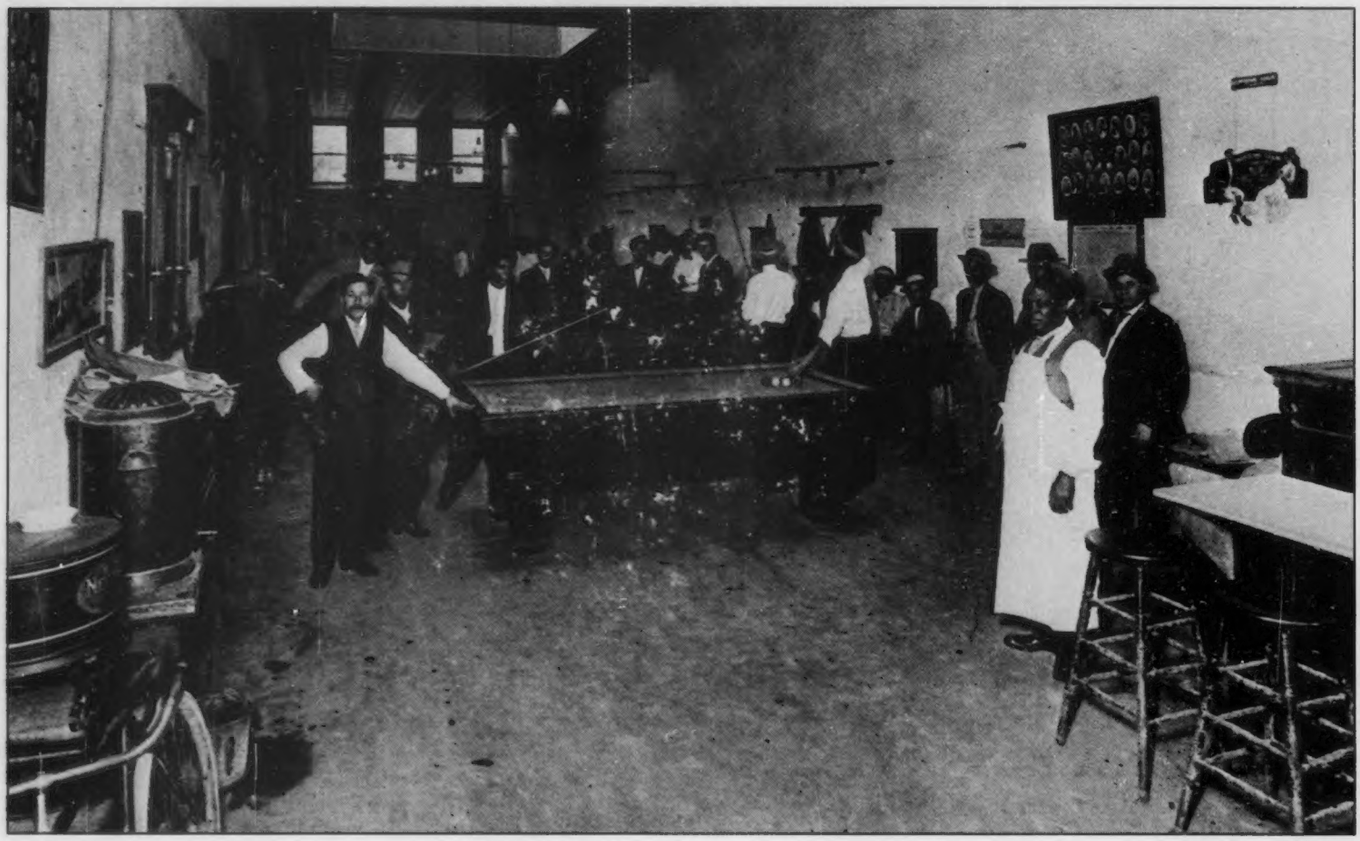
Western Snapshots Yesterday



In 1916 the Congress Street Pool Hall in Tucson, Arizona, looked like this. It was operated by Frank Kalil, the man with the handlebar mustache and the vest with the watch fob, with one hand on his hip and the other on the pool table. When he was about twelve years old, Frank Kalil left Lebanon, working his way to Scranton, Pennsylvania. There he sold notions door to door until he had saved enough money to bring his own father, mother, sisters, and brother to the States. His mother's ticket was switched by some ill fortune, and she was sent on a cattle ship to South America, eventually reaching Mexico City. After a long train ride, and with some mixed luck, Kalil found his mother and returned to Scranton.

Around 1909 Frank Kalil moved to Tucson with his wife and their infant son to start a new life in the West. Here, after other ventures including a pool-hall enterprise in Mexico where Pancho Villa was a big customer, he operated the Congress Street Pool Hall.

We are told that the Black man with the white apron in the foreground pretended to work for Kalil but was, in reality, Tucson's first pool hustler and could easily beat any man in the house. From the looks of business, he must have earned a good living.

The elaborate pressed-tin ceiling in the old pool hall reflects the architectural tastes of the time. Both walls are decorated with portraits of the Presidents of the United States, and on the left wall, above the metal water urn, hangs a framed advertisement for Crystal Soda, made by the Crystal–Coca Cola Bottling Company of Tucson.

This snapshot was contributed by Frank Kalil's grandson, another Frank Kalil of Tucson, Arizona.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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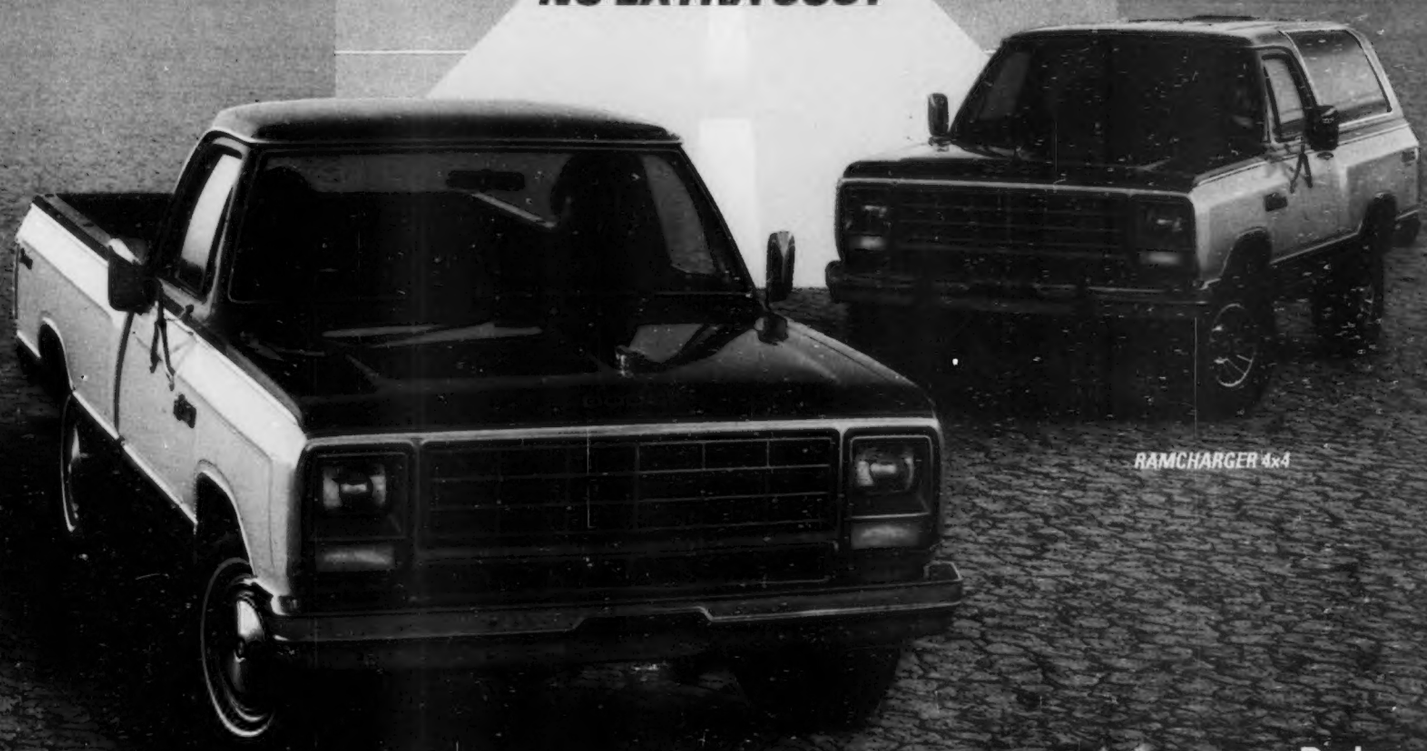

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